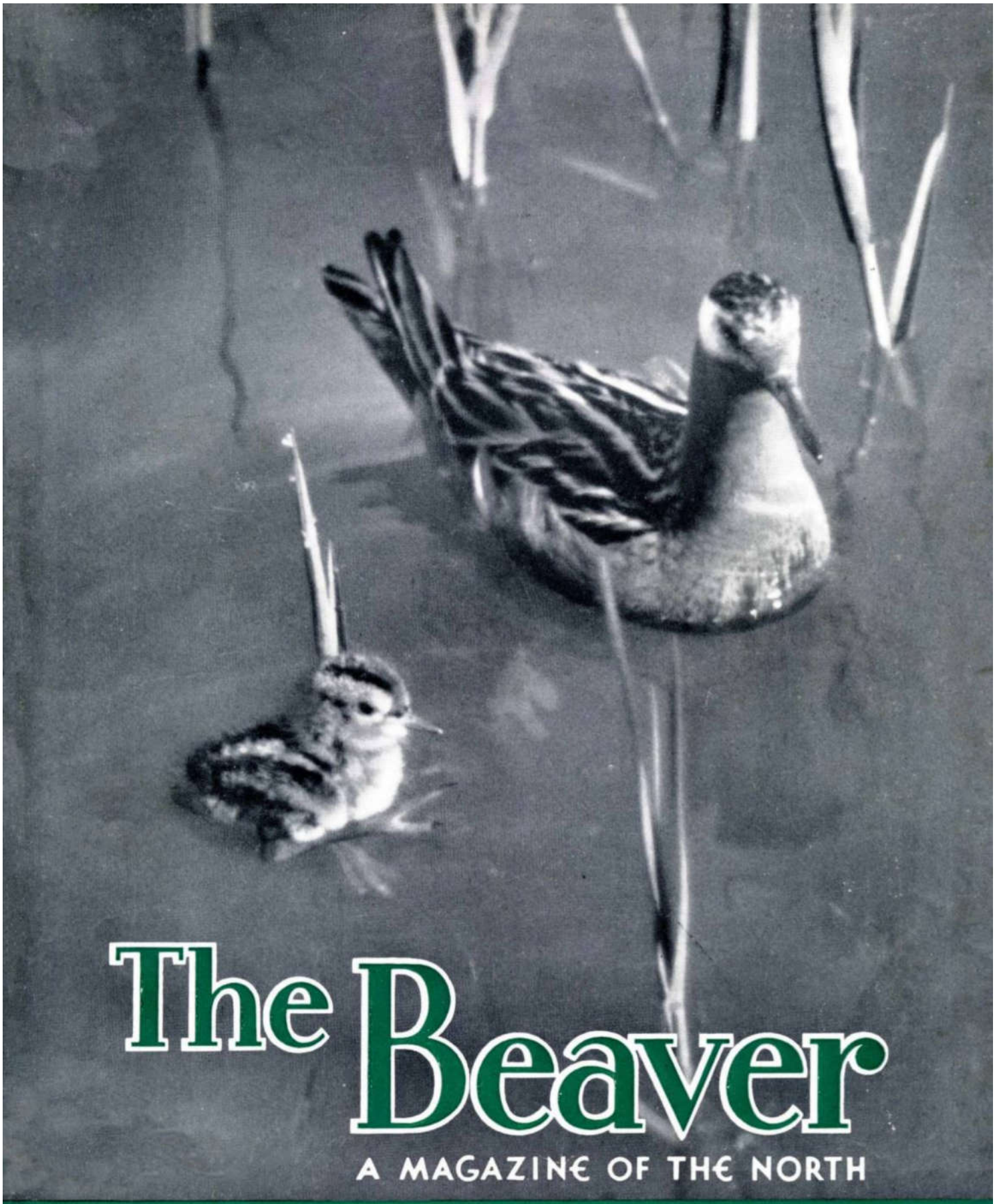

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 274
JUNE 1943

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
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INCORPORATED 2nd MAY 1670.

THE OLDEST COMPANY

An Editorial in the Vancouver Daily Province, May 1st, 1943

TOMORROW is the celebration of the 273rd year of the "oldest trading corporation in the world." It was on May 2, 1670, that King Charles II of England granted that famous charter to the "Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay."

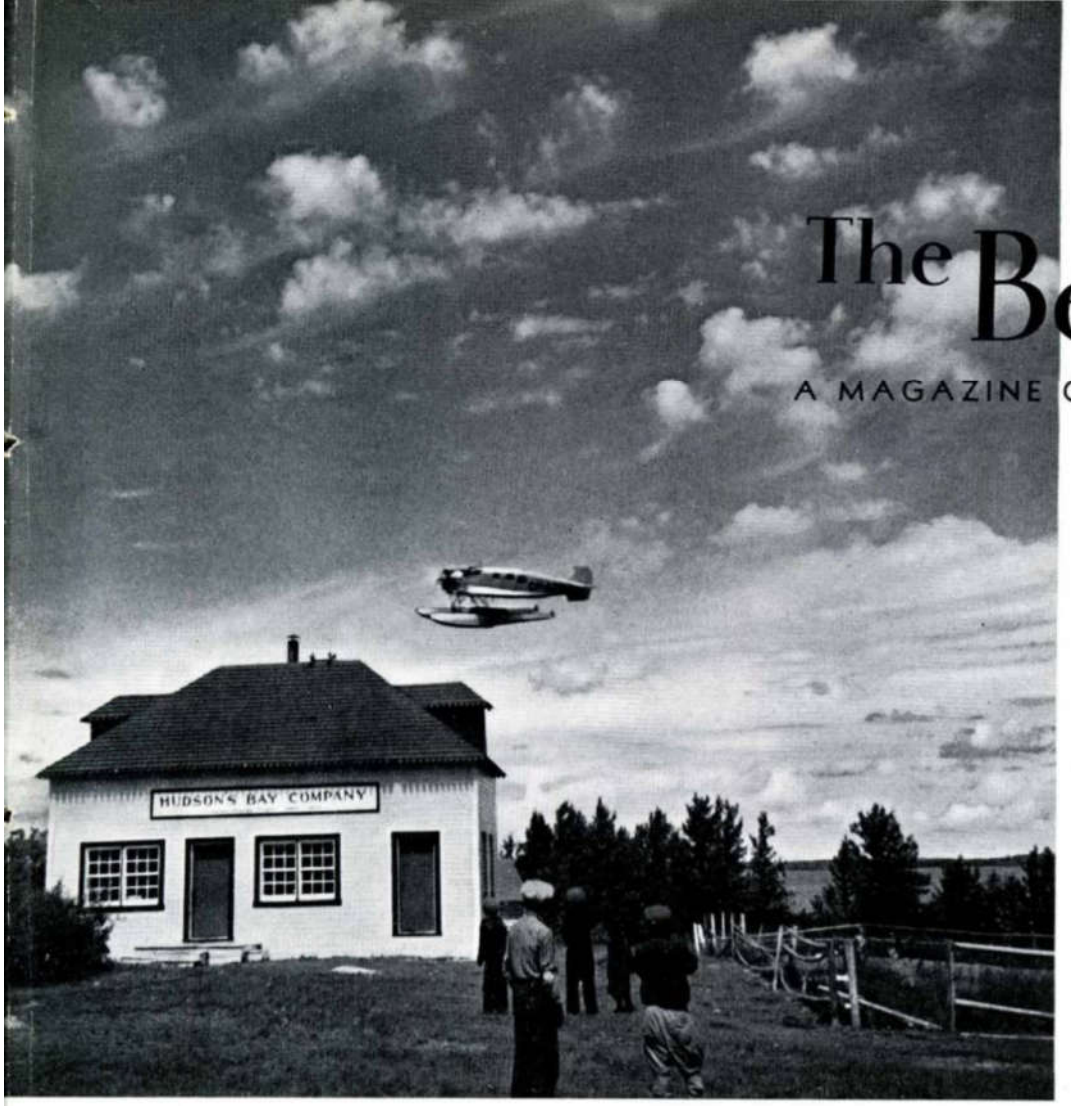
Two centuries and three quarters of uninterrupted trading under the same name and the same tradition! It is a wonderful record and no wonder that the company and its people have a unique pride in it. In Canada, in almost any English-speaking country today, if you say "Hudson Bay" you are more apt to be speaking of the company than the place.

For truly the "oldest company" has written its history all across Canada and all down the years of Canadian settlement. The gentlemen adventurers of the seventeenth century went after the fur of the beaver and they stayed to make the beaver the symbol of a dominion and to found an empire.

It is a long roll-call when you call the roll of the Hudson's Bay men, the governors and factors, the men who were the early pathfinders and pioneers and administrators and soldiers and statesmen. Our own Sir James Douglas, father and first governor of British Columbia was one of them.

The sense of continuity, of long tradition and honorable service, is a valuable possession among men, giving them a pride in their service and the recollection of faithfulness. The Hudson's Bay Company still faithfully remembers the record of its many years and still goes on.

The company still has 200 fur posts in Canada and its men are still the most northerly traders of this continent. The company that had a great part in the establishment of Canada is still in the useful sense of its own tradition a company of adventurers in the modern domain of commerce.



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JUNE 1943

At Lansdowne House, Ontario.
C. N. Stephen.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE — Hudson's Bay Company. — WINNIPEG, CANADA

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar; single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Paul Jones and Lord Selkirk

by Mary H. T. Alexander

John Paul Jones, from a miniature painted by the Comtesse de la Vandhal.

NEVER miss, if you can, the ships of the Hudson's Bay. They would be the most valuable of all. They carry priceless cargoes to the London market." Such was the advice given personally and in correspondence by Benjamin Franklin, then envoy from the infant republic of the U.S. in France to John Paul Jones, founder and first commodore of the first American navy during the War for Independence.

Jones had been sent to harry the merchant shipping off the coasts of the British Isles in November 1777 in the warship *Ranger*, taking exactly one month to make the Atlantic crossing to Nantes, France, which he reached on December first—the pioneer American naval officer to cross to European waters under the Stars and Stripes.

Similar advice had been given to Jones by Congress when the marine committee handed him his first captain's commission on June 14 telling him to attack the British, watch for East Indiamen and Greenland whalers, as well as H B ships. Jones demurred when asked to attack the British naval ships, to which the marine secretary replied that he had nothing to fear. The British lion was asleep. England had not nearly enough fast sailing frigates to stand up to a bold corsair like Jones, in whom every confidence had been placed.

The young Scotsman, who said that he had lifted his sword for American freedom, was given a blanket commision to lead the U.S. squadron of five ships headed by the *Ranger* to any place on the British coasts which he might think advantageous.

He reached Nantes, France, December first, 1777; joined Franklin at Passy; was taken to meet the French minister De Sartine and the commissioners on January 18, 1778, and was given his orders. His visit concluded, he returned to his ship, which had been left in Quiberon Bay in charge of First Lieut. Simpson.

The French fleet was there. Jones saluted it with thirteen guns on February 13 to indicate that the new republic of the United States was saluting her ally, France. He got no response. He sent a message to Admiral La Motte Picquet, but got the reply that it had not been thought fitting to return the salute, since Jones was not equal in rank to the French admiral. Jones replied that he sought no honours for himself. He merely wished to see the new United States recognized. La Motte Picquet, missing entirely the significance of the thirteen, which had signified the thirteen colonies, replied with only nine guns. He did not consider the U.S. a first class power. With this Jones had to be content, since the Stars and Stripes had been saluted for the first time by a foreign power. He felt free to pursue his mission.

It was April 10 before he started, sailing from Brest. Just off the Scilly Isles he met a small brig, attacked and captured her crew and took her cargo, afterwards sinking the ship. Then he met H.M.S. *Chatham* guarding the Baltic fleet of forty-one sail, attacked her as a British naval vessel, and captured her on April 17, scattering the accompanying ships.

Amid a most amusing exchange of national sentiment, during which the British shouted the National Anthem, he divided the crew of the *Chatham* equally with that of the *Ranger*, impressing half of his prisoners to make up the ship's complement. According to his own correspondence, he sent the ship in charge of a crew of U.S. sailors back to Brest, as Franklin had instructed him to do with his prizes.

This done he proceeded on his mission, intending to go the west of Ireland. But when he got to St. George's Channel his squadron was blown off course in the teeth of a gale as far north as Cumberland and Whitehaven, the town from which he had entered on his career of the sea. He would attack this town, he said. It was a fortified citadel; it could provide both soldiers and sailors—the former as prisoners, the latter as navigators of his prize ships.

His plan to sack Whitehaven was begun but not finished, for a sailor informed the inhabitants and some of his own crew got drunk. He was obliged, after firing one ship almost alone, to beat a hasty retreat. Before dawn on April 23, he had turned the prow of the *Ranger* towards the Solway Firth, where the Earl of Selkirk had his estate at St. Mary's Isle.

Personal reasons impelled him to make this raid. Up to the moment when he disembarked from his boats under the shadow of the promontory of St. Mary's Isle on the river Dee, which flows into the Solway, he had believed himself to be a child of destiny, with the blood of the Douglases flowing in his veins, the unacknowledged son of one of the earls of Selkirk.

Born in a little white cottage which overlooks the Solway Firth, and is now maintained as a memorial to the first commodore of the infant U.S. navy, the boy had been known as the son of John Paul, gardener to Mr. Robert Craik of Arbigland. His mother was lovely Jeannie Macduff, lady's maid to Mrs. Craik, and as the boy progressed in years he became aware that there was some mystery regarding his birth. He brooded over the matter, but did not dare to ask his mother for the truth.

American biographers have made much of this thing. None has given what might be regarded as a simple explanation, though all have shown that, while the sisters of young John Paul, as he was known in boyhood, had their birth dates registered in the annals of the parish of Kirkbean, his never was.

Privately he was obsessed with the idea of making an impression of greatness upon the family, who, he thought, had neglected him as a youth.

Before leaving the ship therefore, he made his officers don their best uniform coats, tie their perukes with fresh ribbons and shine their accoutrements. He made a complement of midshipmen and ratings do likewise. He himself wore his finest uniform and spent time in trying to look his best.

The expedition left the *Ranger* in small boats and rowed to the mouth of the Dee and up the river to the promontory of St. Mary's Isle, on which stood the ancient mansion of the Douglas family. To the surprise of his first and second lieutenants, Simpson and Wallingford, Jones, after all the preparation and the declaration that he would lead this expedition himself, said he would wait until they returned; showed extraordinary nervousness for so bold a corsair.

The officers and their seamen tied up the boats at the family wharf, climbed the winding path that led to the garden gate of the Selkirk estate, and marched up the gravel walk to the door of the Big House. Passing a child, they were surprised to see Miss Elliot, his governess and secretary to Helen, Countess of Selkirk, suddenly snatch up the seven-year-old boy in her arms to hurry him away, apparently to safety.

The boy asked Miss Elliot why she had snatched him up in that way and was told that the men in uniform now knocking at the house door seemed to be the dreaded press gang.

This little lad was he who grew up to be the beloved Lord Selkirk, the founder of the colonies of Prince Edward Island and the Red River Settlement, out of which the city of Winnipeg has grown since 1812.

The Selkirk house, raided by Paul Jones. From a sketch made in 1926 by F. H. Norbury of Edmonton. Together with most of the originals of the Selkirk papers, it was destroyed by fire in 1941.

Helen, Countess of Selkirk, mother of the founder of the Red River Colony. From an unfinished portrait at St. Mary's Isle.

The family was at breakfast when the officers and men of the *Ranger* demanded admittance to the house. Daniels, the butler and major-domo, answered their knock, peering through the grille to demand who they might be. If they were the press gang as he suspected, they might as well go home. There was nobody at St. Mary's Isle to press.

Lieut. Simpson replied that they were not a press gang, but duly accredited American officers from the ship *Ranger* commanded by Captain John Paul Jones. Daniels could not hide his contempt at the mention of this name, for no Scot at that time could hear it without thinking of Jones as a pirate, a "blackbirder," a murderer, and a renegade from the race which had given him birth. Had he not lifted his sword for America against Britain?

Hearing the altercation, Lady Selkirk came out of the breakfast room to learn its cause; heard Simpson's explanation and ordered Daniels to admit the officers. The men remained outside.

They wished to take the earl as a prisoner, they said. He would have influence with the king, their captain thought. He could be exchanged for American prisoners now rotting in fetid British jails.

When her ladyship informed the officers the earl was absent from home, Wallingford gently suggested that they could take the little lord they had seen playing in the garden as they marched up the gravel walk.

Lady Selkirk, shocked at this suggestion, though Wallingford said that no harm would come to the boy, replied that they could rather take her life; she would never permit anyone to touch her son. Then recovering herself, she added that they could take anything else in the house which they might covet.

Simpson, looking through the open morning room door from the hall where Lady Selkirk had invited them to be seated, noticed the silver service from which breakfast was being served—the fine tea and coffee-pots, the hot water jug, the silver salver—and said that he wouldn't mind if her ladyship gave him these things.

She agreed, ordering Daniels, who had returned to his duties at the sideboard, to empty the tea and coffee-pots, pack the silver in a stout sack, make an inventory and give it to the Americans. She stayed his hand however, offering coffee to her visitors.

Simpson declined, but Wallingford accepted politely, the tablemaid serving the men from a silver tray. Then her ladyship followed the butler to his pantry and told him not to hold anything back. Always loyal to his employer's interests, Daniels took this order with reservations. Then, before returning to her visitors, Lady Selkirk told him to bring glasses and a decanter of whisky. The gentlemen might like some; so would the men outside, for the morning, though bright, was still chilly.

The butler did not like the task, but of course obeyed his orders. Then he returned to his own quarters, summoned the housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, and entered into a plot to fool the Yankee naval men.

Just as the countess was heard coming back to give more instructions, Daniels thrust a fine Georgian urn into the apron of a maid and told her to be quick and hide it. He secreted a few other things and told Mrs. Brown to get another maid to go to the cellar to bring up a sack. First, however, she was to put lumps of coal wrapped in papers in the bottom of the sack, before bringing it to him.

When this was done, he had the other silver ready. He made a copy of the inventory, but did not add everything, and it is certain that all of the family silver did not leave St. Mary's Isle. He put in the silver teaspoons, some flower vases, the silver tray, the hot water jug, and other things. The tea and coffee-pots he placed on top, tied the neck of the sack and left their spouts protruding.

Meantime, Simpson and Wallingford—the latter who was to come so tragically the next day to his death during the fight between the *Ranger* and H.M.S. *Drake*—chatted politely with Lady Selkirk, sipped their whisky and drank the health of the earl and countess before making their farewells and departing with their booty.

Jones waited, impatiently pacing up and down the shore until they returned. When they met him, he demanded to know where the earl was. In London, he was told. Wallingford said that they had thought of arresting the little lord who had been seen playing in the garden. At which Jones turned on his officers in sudden fury, declaring that he would have done drastic things to them if they had taken him. When they said that they had taken the family silver instead, Jones told his officers that he disapproved of their looting it. Now he would be obliged to buy it back, divide the prize money among them, and return it to Lady Selkirk, whose personal property it was. But he enjoyed the joke which old Daniels had played on his men, when the silver was examined and the coal was found at the bottom of the sack.

The day after the raid, the *Ranger* fought with and captured H.M.S. *Drake*. It was two weeks before Jones was able to write a letter to Lady Selkirk. Here are some extracts from his letter:

Ranger, Brest, May 8th, 1778.

MADAM; It cannot be too much lamented that in the profession of arms, the Officer of fine feelings, and of real responsibility, should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command, which his heart cannot approve. But the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged in appearance to countenance such Action by his authority. This hard case was mine when on the 23rd of April last I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his King, and esteeming as I do his private Character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity when the brave are overpowered and made Prisoners of War. It was perhaps fortunate for you, Madame, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board the *Ranger*, and to have detained him till thro' this means, a general and fair exchange of Prisoners as well in Europe as in America, had been effected. When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing, that his Lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat determining to leave the Island; but some officers who were with me could not forbear expressing their discontent, observing that in America no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property. . . .

"I have gratified my men, and when the plate is sold, I shall become the purchaser, and *I will gratify my own feelings* by restoring it to you, in such conveyance as you shall be pleased to direct."

To say that, was easy; it was not so easy to get it out of the hands of political racketeers and prize agents. Furthermore he wrote to Lord Selkirk offering to send the silver back. His letter went astray. His lordship did not hear from Jones for some time, nor Jones from him. When the latter did, he was informed, somewhat stiffly, that Lord Selkirk could not consider the return of the silver without consent of Congress.

Jones consulted Dr. Franklin, who in turn consulted other officials, and commended Jones highly for his stout declaration that come what might he would "not abate one millionth part of his effort to get the silver back where it belonged."

Correspondence regarding this matter became voluminous. Every newspaper carried a more or less highly coloured story. Lord Selkirk was obliged to issue a corrected statement.

Varying amounts were given as to the value of the silver up to£150. It was old and some of it not of the highest value. Jones paid £50 for it.

Franklin finally won consent from Congress for its return. A Catholic priest named Father John had used his persuasive tongue to some effect. It was 1784 before it was sent to London to the agents of the Countess of Morton, sister-in-law to Lady Selkirk.

Varying dates of its return are given by American biographers, M. MacDermott Crawford even saying that it was 1791. She also states that when the teapot was opened it still contained the dried tea-leaves, which had been left in the pot when the butler hastily emptied it at the request of Lady Selkirk.

To correct the uncertain dates given by other biographers, following is the contemporaneous report taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1785:

"LONDON, March 9th—According to advices received from Edinburgh we are informed that the family plate pillaged by the men of the American privateer commanded by Paul Jones from the home of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Selkirk in 1778, was returned safely last Saturday, carriage paid by Paul Jones."

Following the capture of the *Drake*, Jones got four unnamed British ships. None was an H B C ship, however. The vessels of the Company plying between London and Hudson's Bay at that time were the *King George*, the *Prince Rupert* and the *Sea Horse*, and they continued to make their annual voyages for several years thereafter.

As for the young heir, the raid made a deep impression on his mind, which may have had a lasting effect on the history of Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company. "This was a momentous event in my life," he wrote, after he became Earl of Selkirk. "I was terribly frightened. The firing of the cannon during the night terrified me . . . and when I was but a youth I developed an antipathy for the United States due almost solely to the buccaneering of John Paul."

John Perry Pritchett, in his recently published *Red River Valley* (reviewed in this issue of *The Beaver*) is of the opinion that: "Perhaps this may help to explain why the Earl, when considering possible sites in America for colonization projects, was decidedly in favour of districts lying in British territory rather than in the more temperate regions of the United States."

The silver teapot, part of the loot taken by the Americans and later returned to the Selkirks by Jones.
From *The Sailor whom England Feared*, by Mary MacDermott Crawford.

Timber Cruising at Temagami

Story and Pictures by C. Parnell

ONE of the chief delights of Temagami, famed Northern Ontario resort, is that, although thousands of city dwellers visit it every summer, the region remains practically unspoiled. The train on which you arrive from North Bay may disgorge a seething mass of holiday-makers, and the *Belle of Temagami*, which plies between the station and Bear Island, may be loaded to capacity. Yet, once you have landed at the Hudson's Bay dock and got your supplies and canoe at the post, you can be out of sight and sound of humanity within a few minutes.

One reason for this "exclusiveness" is the amazing length of the lake's shoreline. A glance at the map will give some idea of the countless bays and inlets and islands which contribute so much to the picturesqueness—and privacy—of Lake Temagami and its satellites—Obabika, Lady Evelyn, Diamond, and the rest.

Beach your canoe almost anywhere along this shoreline and strike inland, and in a few steps you are in the midst of the virgin wilderness. For this is the Temagami Provincial Forest. Look up, and you will see giant white pines towering a hundred and fifty feet and more into the blue, their trunks soaring straight and clean for half that height before the lowest branches begin. But look down, and you'll see a jumble of undergrowth and fallen trees that will probably discourage any further exploring in that direction.

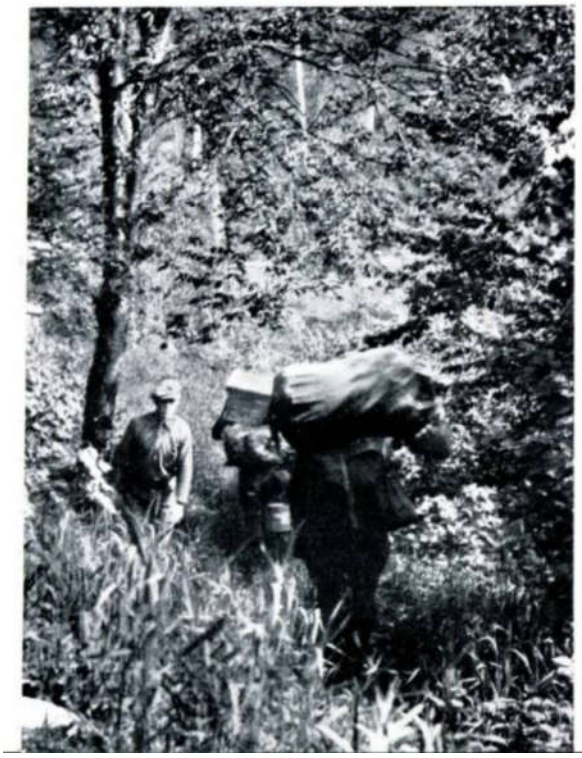
That, at any rate, was my first impression of the Temagami wilderness when I started timber cruising there a few years ago. But, unlike the tourist, I couldn't simply turn back to my canoe. The timber cruiser has to keep a compass course straight through the woods, no matter what obstacles lie in his way, and frequently in the course of his work he must scale precipices, wade rivers, swim lakes, and fight his way through heaps of fallen trees criss-crossed and tangled into gigantic "jackpots." Fortunately, he soon gets the hang of it; and the greenhorn, who at first was ready to lie down and expire after an hour's bush-whacking, a couple of months later has learned to run across the fallen trunks as easily as a squirrel in caulked boots.

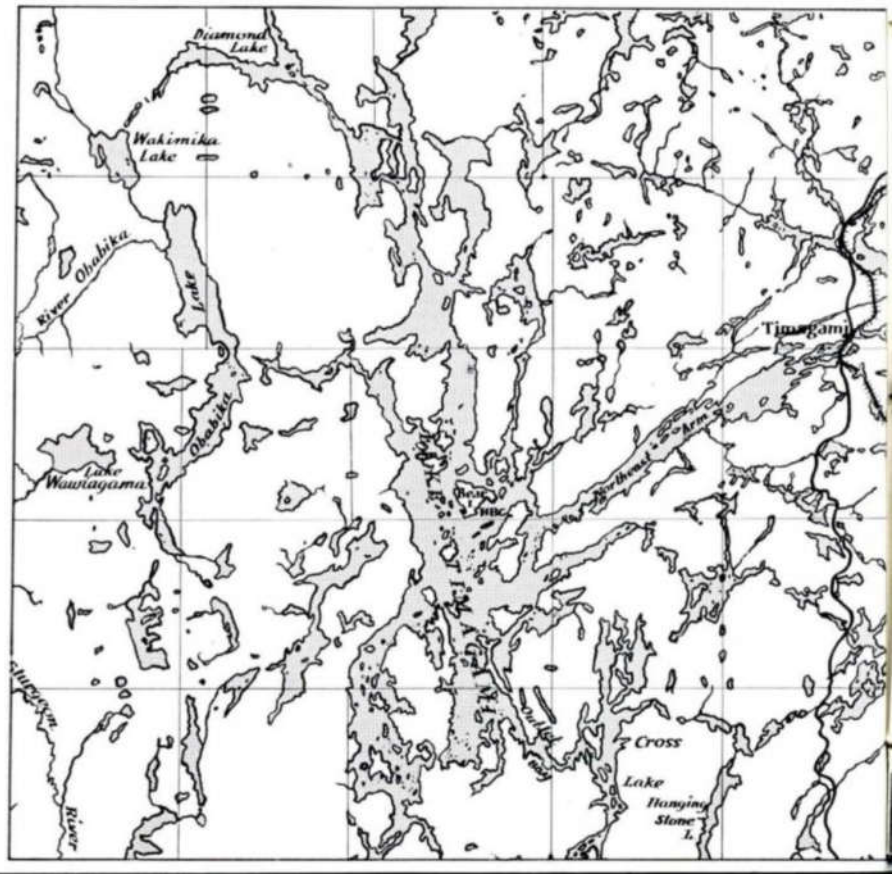
Fortunately, too, the actual cruising forms only about half of his job. The rest of it consists in making, breaking, and moving camp, and travelling by canoe

Hudson's Bay post, Bear Island, Lake Temagami. *MacLean.*

Right: The Temagami country is divided into townships mostly six miles square.

Below: Timber cruisers moving camp.





or snowshoe along the rivers and lakes. And, when that travelling is done in a region like Temagami, there are obvious compensations.

The method of cruising we used was the "gridiron," requiring no instruments but a compass and a couple of tally clickers. The Temagami country is divided into townships six miles square, and surveyed by means of boundary lines cut through the bush. These lines are marked off by posts set up every half mile, but often the posts, after a lapse of years, fall down or become hidden by undergrowth. Our first job was to find the three-mile post on the north or south boundary of the township we were going to cruise, then blaze a centre line right down the middle of the township to the opposite boundary. We marked this centre line in quarter miles by blazing a tree on four sides and chalking up the distance.

Our next step was to find a campsite near the centre line and move to it. From there we would sally forth much too early each morning along the centre line, and strike out east or west from one of the quarter-mile posts. One couple, consisting of an estimator and his compassman, started from, say, the 2¼-mile post, and struck as true a course as possible for the east boundary. The compassman paced off the distance and, at the end of every ten chains or "acre" (an eighth of a mile), he called a halt while the estimator made a few entries in his little black book. The pacing was of course an estimate, and the green compassman would usually find himself hopelessly out when he hit the boundary line, not only as to distance, but also as to direction. In time he learned to judge more accurately the number of paces covered as he skirted a particularly tough jackpot or jumped from log to log, and the horizontal progress made as he climbed up a hill or slithered down the other side. He also learned not to be led gradually off his course by some inviting alley-way through the trees, where the going looked easier.

The estimator, for his part, had a much more difficult job. As we were interested only in merchantable pulpwood, he took note of all spruce, balsam, and jackpine having a d.b.h. (diameter breast-high) of six inches or over and standing within half a chain on either side of his line of march. In each hand he held a tally clicker which would register the number of times he pressed the plunger, and when passing through a mixed stand he might click off the spruce on one, the balsam on the other, and the jackpine in his head. At the same time he took note of the average height and d.b.h. of each variety, noted where the type changed,

The cook tent. Note the tables made of birch poles.

Resting beside a spring on a portage trail.

which way the streams flowed, and any other features which would enable the woods department of the company we worked for to judge if and when the stand should be cut, and how it might be taken out. And, while doing all this, he had to watch where he was going every second of the time. Needless to say, the whole operation was largely guess-work, because he had to guess the distance on either side, as well as the size of the trees.

Arrived at the east boundary, the two cruisers would offset south for half a mile (if the direction was correct) to the 2¾-mile post, then head west again for the centre line. The minimum distance covered was therefore seven miles. It was rare, however, for the compassman to hit the post right on the nose. From the place where they came to the boundary, he would start pacing south, fondly hoping that when he had paced off two acres the 2½-mile post would be found not far away. Any error in distance or direction would be allowed for when the map of the township came to be drawn up.

The fact that the timber cruiser has to travel in a straight line up hill and down dale means that most of the time he is walking where few people have had reason to venture before. And there was often a thrill, while pushing through some out-of-the-way neck of the woods, in thinking that we were probably the first human beings to see it. Sometimes we would come on a lake three or four miles long which had never appeared on any map. In such a case, we simply offset our half mile and headed back to the centre line.

Travel in winter, however, was quite a different thing. By mid-February most of the underbrush and the windfalls and deadfalls had been covered, and on snowshoes we easily travelled along above the jack-

Above: Two men are hauling this toboggan up the portage trail, and one pushing with a pole. On top is the cylindrical stove for heating the sleep tent.

Below: Crossing open water in February at the outlet of Lake Temagami. Note the snowshoes in the canoe, which was used as a ferry.

pots that would have barred our way in the summer. The compassman's task was made easier, too, because he could see much farther ahead in a hardwood type. Lakes and rivers, instead of being barriers, made the best possible travelling surfaces. In March, when the sun at noon was hot enough to make the snow stick to our 'shoes, we used to rise about four a.m., breakfast in the dark, and be on our way before dawn. In this way, we sometimes used to finish our day's work about the same time as a lot of city dwellers were starting theirs.

Coming into the open at the end of a portage. The sign warns against fire.

Nevertheless, winter did have its drawbacks. Besides the cold and the discomforts of camping in the snow, there was the back-breaking labour required in hauling heavily loaded toboggans from camp to camp. As we had to take enough grub to feed five men (four cruisers and a cook) for six weeks or so, the toboggans had to be piled pretty high. We had no dogs, so one of us would pull on the tumpline (which he wore like a harness looped over his shoulders) and another would push from the rear with a pole. On the hills, two would pull and one push. Instead of spending the long evenings on the water, idling in a canoe or fishing—as we did in the summer—we had to stick close to the tent, which was heated by a cylindrical stove to a temperature of 80° or so at the ridge-pole and about 50° at floor level. And of course we couldn't venture a foot away from the tent door without snowshoes. Whenever possible, we tried to find an empty shack to stay in. Then we could spread ourselves around a bit and actually go in for such luxuries as sponge baths and eating off a table.

Summer was certainly the pleasanter season, in spite of the flies and the rain and the difficult travelling, and August was the best month of all. By that time the flies had almost gone, and it was still warm enough for swimming and for paddling *en deshabille*. Sunday was a real day of rest. We would get up late, eat a large and leisurely breakfast, and then maybe lie around the camp reading or writing, or go swimming off a smooth rock into clear deep water, or paddle about on the sunlit lake, trolling for trout or bass.

Days of rain were also days of rest—that is, if the rain started before we did. But often it would begin

when we were on the other side of the township, and we would have to slog it back to camp in the downpour. After five minutes of travelling through rain-soaked bush, we were just as wet as if we had jumped into the lake. But the appetite that resulted was something stupendous. From the point of view of physical exertion, timber cruising, with its combination of bush-whacking, paddling and portaging, is about the hardest work imaginable, and the number of calories consumed—and restored—must be astronomical. Most of us ate just about three times as much as we did back home.

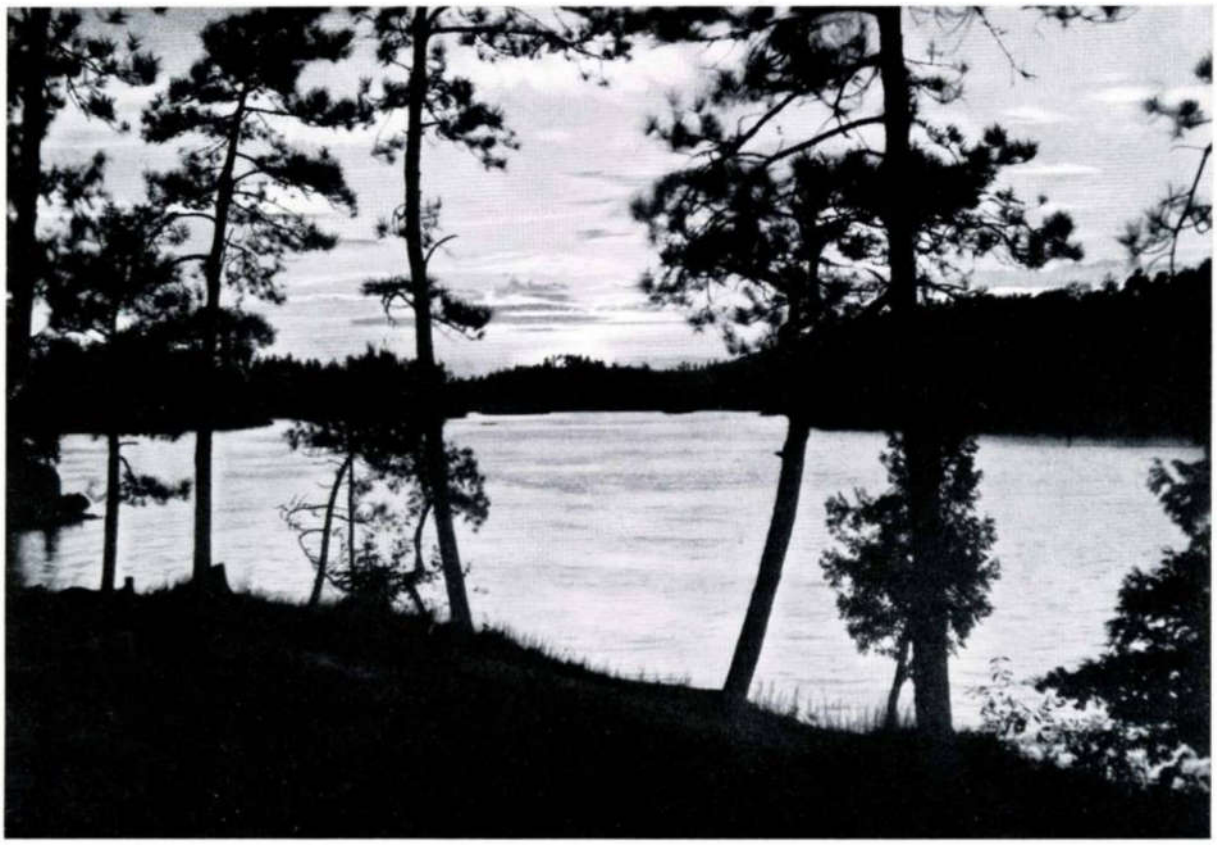
When the packers failed to arrive on time with the grub and we were reduced to living on short commons, the effect was naturally much more noticeable than it would have been in a sedentary life. On one such occasion we had nothing left but a little flour; but we were camping at the time on an almost unknown lake—reached by a long-disused portage—the finny inhabitants of which had never seen a trolling spoon in their lives. So for days we subsisted on boiled bass (flavoured with a little Mapleine for variety, as we had no salt) and bannock. It was interesting to notice that we could do much more on bannock than on bread, as previously we had found raw oatmeal to have much more staying power than cooked. We also found porcupine most nourishing and quite palatable.

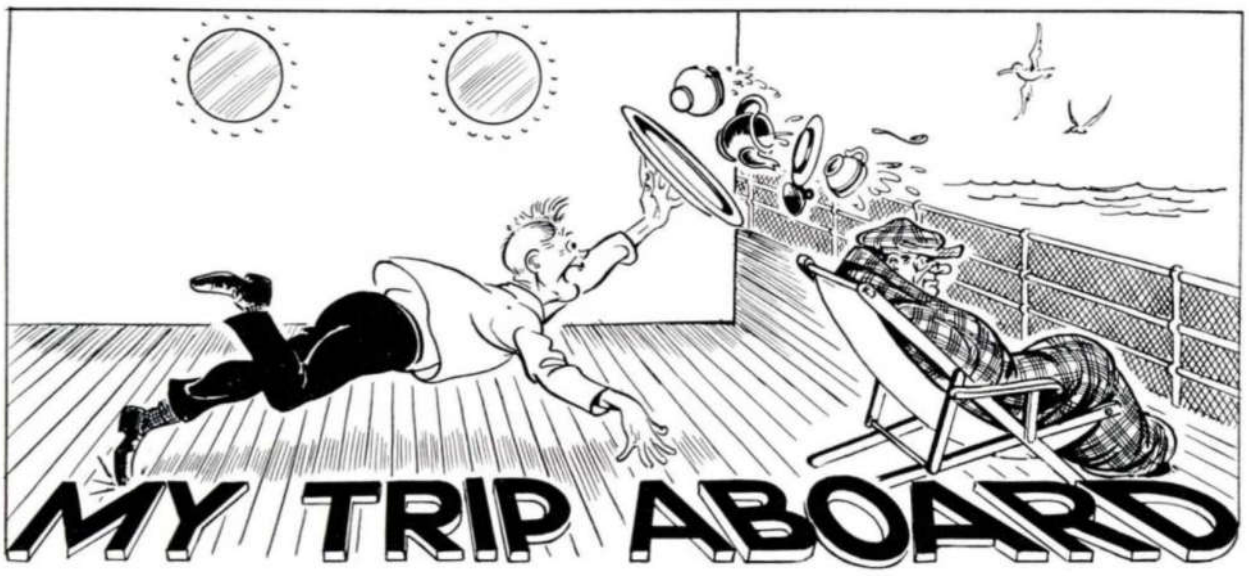
The idea of being half-starved about twenty miles in an air-line from the Hudson's Bay post on Bear Island seemed rather ridiculous, and it certainly would have been if we'd been out for pleasure. Fortunately the packers cut short the agony by arriving with supplies, and with a gun, which still further improved the situation. A couple of days later we were all in good shape again and crashing through the undergrowth at the accustomed rate of speed.

Drying clothes in camp after a thunderstorm.

All in all, it was a great life—almost primitive in its simplicity, free as the wind, enlivened by gay companionship, and as healthy as anyone could desire. Travelling through country that had hardly been mapped, there was no telling what might befall us—what animals we should meet, what kind of terrain we would find, or what lakes we might discover. At night no sounds disturbed our sleep but the distant hoot of an owl or the thumping of a rabbit outside the tent. And each morning was the start of a new adventure.

Sunset over Lake Temagami. *Ontario Travel Bureau.*





One of a quintet from St. Patrick's College, Ottawa, writes of his experiences on the 1942 *Nascopie* cruise.

by Tris Coffin

Illustrated by James Simpkins

LATE last June five Ottawa boys descended on Montreal, their hearts filled with dreams of the high adventure and romance of the sea, their minds with the desire to make some money, and their stomachs with dread. Their purpose was to sail with R.M.S. *Nascopie* as stewards on her 1942 Eastern Arctic patrol. There were a few hours of anxiety on my part when I learned that I might be ignominiously shipped home, being only sixteen and not having my parents' written permission to go to sea. But an exchange of special delivery letters set matters straight and, joined by a sixth lad from Winnipeg, we became the staff of Arthur Reed, chief steward.

"The metallic clatter which followed had all the premonitions of a death-rattle."

A veteran in his line, it was under his patient guidance that our very meagre abilities in bedmaking and dish-washing were expanded into all-round competence. What domestic skill we had reluctantly acquired at home was of little help to us now, as we learned to make up berths that would stay in place during heavy weather, to set tables in the *Nascopie* manner, and to do the thousand and one other things we had to know as white collared men of all work on a five months' cruise to the Arctic. Sailing day eventually arrived, and shortly after ten in the morning we drew away from the wharves, slipped beneath the Harbour Bridge, and headed down the St. Lawrence to the sea.

Near Quebec our department had its first mishap. After each meal, the silverware was washed in one pan, the dishes in another. When we had finished, someone asked, "Here, who's going to empty this silver-bucket?" Well, Mac was washing a coat in the sink, so I took the pail to the side, judged the wind, and tipped her up. The metallic clatter which followed had all the premonitions of a death-rattle. Amid the laughs and quips of several near-by passengers, three forks, two spoons, and a number of knives slid gracefully into the briny! I turned back to the pantry, to see the steward standing in the door-way! Afterwards he "consoled" me by saying that the only other one he'd ever known to do such a trick had been a "dumb foc'sle hand."

I'm afraid that when we got to Hebron and saw Eskimos for the first time, I was a bit disappointed. Expecting people totally different from any I'd ever seen before, I was astonished to find that I might have passed one on Sparks Street and not given him a second glance, merely mistaking him for a somewhat soiled and sunburnt Chinaman. They seemed very shy about coming aboard, just the way we felt about going among them; but we took our cue from Mr. Reed and passed out tea, bully beef, and biscuits. At first we remained amongst them only as long as we could hold our breaths; but we soon got over that and began to get acquainted.

Though the Eskimos seemed so simple and childlike in many respects, it was impossible not to notice their ingenuity and adroitness. Excepting kyaks, which weren't so numerous as I'd expected, and a few canoes, all the boats were power driven. In many cases the motors were old and would have been condemned by any civilized mechanic. The Eskimos, ignorant of this, but knowing their engines, tied them together with bits of wire, and merrily drove away.

A specific example of this dual personality in the Eskimos we met was Navolio, the pilot at Lake Harbour. On one hand was Captain Smellie's confidence in the old fellow and the ease with which he guided the *Nascopie* up the twisting fiord to her anchorage; on the other the childlike pride he took in his uniform. This navy blue coat and cap, resplendent with gold braid, was a puzzle to us; but Major McKeand knew the whole story. It seems that in 1937, H.M.S. *Scarborough*, with Captain Baxter in command, came to Lake Harbour on an inspection trip. Navolio conducted the sloop up the channel, and her captain was so taken with his native pilot that he presented him with a grand outfit formerly used for amateur theatricals on board. So the coat and cap which probably graced the quarter-deck of the *Pinafore*, now, and doubtless for generations of little Navolios to come, will be a welcome sight to the men whose ships put in at Lake Harbour.

Navolio's medal is always to be found gleaming brightly on his chest. It excited much curiosity on my part, until a closer examination revealed it to be a baggage check, of the metal type formerly used by the railroads.

Another medal-wearing Eskimo we met was John Ell, whose resemblance to the famous boxer, two-thirds of whose name he bears, was very striking. However, John's medal is the real thing; he was one of only two Eskimos to be decorated with the George V Silver Jubilee Medal. This marked the first time that native subjects had been so decorated by their King.

One of the crew I am sure everyone on board will remember was the galley boy, Paddy Duggan. He was only fifteen, the youngest, and easily the sea-sickest, person aboard. Yet when he got back to Montreal, the veteran of nearly ninety dashes to the rail, he told me rather wistfully, "You know, now that it's all over, I'm sorry I couldn't have put that score over a hundred."

Paddy was busy most of the time peeling vegetables for the eighty or more people aboard to eat twice a day, and someone jokingly suggested that the Company was going to get him an electric peeler at Churchill. Unfortunately, Paddy believed the story; day and night he spoke of nothing else. But when consciences began to nag and we told him the truth, that it was all a joke, he refused to believe us. Well, anyone as gullible as that ought to be cured before he gets out into the wide and wicked world, or so we argued, and we set ourselves up as psychologists to shock him to his senses. We were going to label a box "Potato Peeler, to the Galley Boy, R.M.S. *Nascopie*, Churchill," and nail it to the deck, or fill it with stones, so that he'd have to gather half the crew before he could move it, then to learn the truth amid the taunts of everyone. We were sure he'd never forget *that*.

When we couldn't find a suitable box, Chips the carpenter produced an old knife, rusty beyond imagining, with one blade gone and the other loose, and we set to work. Wrapped in layers of tissue paper, wrapping paper and cardboard, and enclosed in a cheese box, it certainly looked the part, and with elaborate instructions on the outside about "keeping the cutting surface as clean and bright as on delivery," and "holding handle A so that blade B forms an angle of twenty degrees with potato C" anyone might have been fooled. Unfortunately, after the excitement of the first day and night at Churchill, the knife couldn't be found. So, when we left two weeks later, a subdued but wiser Paddy was quietly peeling potatoes at the galley door.

> When the cabin port-holes are dark and green,
> Because of the seas outside;
> When the ship goes wop (with a wiggle between)
> And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,
> And the trunks begin to slide. . . .

Well, though Kipling's location is in mid-Atlantic, and we were off the Greenland coast, and that bit about the soup-tureen was reversed (it fell on me) the scene he describes was very much like the *Nascopie* that first week of November. We left Ivigtut on the morning of the third with none-too-reassuring rumours about near-by torpedoings ringing in our ears, and before the rocky coast had dropped below the horizon we found we had an equally dangerous, and infinitely more tangible foe to deal with.

At first we were merely running with the wind, coasting up and down on a long swell, but by lunch time we knew things were going to be difficult. The sides on the tables were up, the cloths were dampened, but it was still impossible to keep things in place. However, wedging things together hopefully, we rang the gong. I wasn't in the saloon, but according to the story the chief engineer was the only one to be served at his table, and the soup immediately snuggled into his lap. When the ship rolled, and everyone on one side of the doctor's table held on for support, and

"The veteran of nearly ninety dashes to the rail."

everyone on the other was thrown against it, the strain was too much and it broke loose. The buffet door came open then, and salt and pepper shakers, cream jugs, and sugar bowls tumbled out, strewing their contents about, and together with passengers, stewards, loose chairs, silverware and settee pillows, rolled from one side of the saloon to the other in a monotonous crashing dirge.

Captain Smellie, of course, didn't come down at dinner time, so I went up for his order. Reaching the bridge meant crossing thirty feet of open deck and climbing two ladders, and after dark in rough weather it takes some careful foot-work to get about. The trick is to wait until the ship is rolling so as to throw you out the door, then slip through, letting the next roll slam it shut. Once on deck, you must time your moving so that you are always going up hill, and always have a good handhold when your side rolls under. (Once the angle was so great that, though I was standing ten feet from the side, a knife slipped from my pocket and dropped into the water without hitting the deck or reaching the rail.)

The "Old Man" decided to have soup. "In a big mug, steward." When I took the order back to the pantry, Mr. Reed set the mug on a plate, the whole on a napkin, and brought the corners together at the top.

"Now," he said, "hold it there, and let it swing as free as it likes; it'll never spill."

"Sometimes it was hard to make yourself believe that it was horizontal."

Of course this was true, but sometimes it was hard to look at that plate and make yourself believe that it was horizontal. Arrived at the bridge, I opened the napkin fold by fold, to make it dramatic, only to have the show spoiled when the curtain went up.

"Why, steward, how do you expect me to eat this without a spoon?"

"Only to have the show spoiled when the curtain went up."

Well, I couldn't very well suggest that he might drink it, so I went back down for a spoon, and returned at last to find him patiently waiting. That's the Bulldog Race for you.

I was on deck near the galley door that evening, when someone shouted, and I turned to see a waist-high wave rushing towards me across the deck. In a moment I had opened the door and stepped inside; but before I had it closed again, the wave tore it from my hands, leapt the barrier-board, and sent pots and pans and a choice roast floating merrily away into the bakery. After putting out the oven fire there, it upset a tub of dough and almost succeeded in drowning the baker's comments (not to speak of the baker), though by that time things were in such a terrible condition that no one cared much what happened. We were so miserable, and everything was so far from the ordinary, that had we been torpedoed then I doubt if anyone would have cared enough to move.

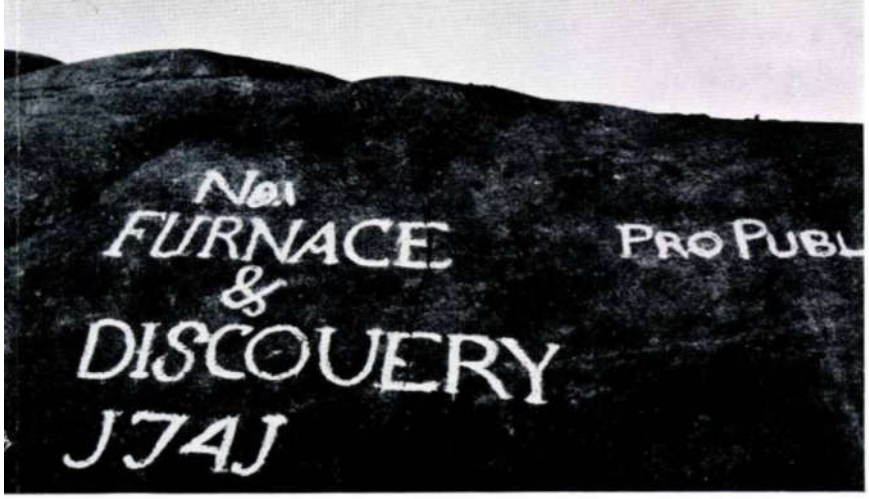
However, dawn of the eighth day brought relief, and by evening we had entered a small and fairly sheltered spot in Labrador. Eventually we reached Port Alfred, and a few days later the five of us were back in Ottawa after an absence of four months, twenty-six days, sixteen hours, and thirty-five minutes.

"Almost succeeded in drowning the baker's comments."

SLOOPS' COVE

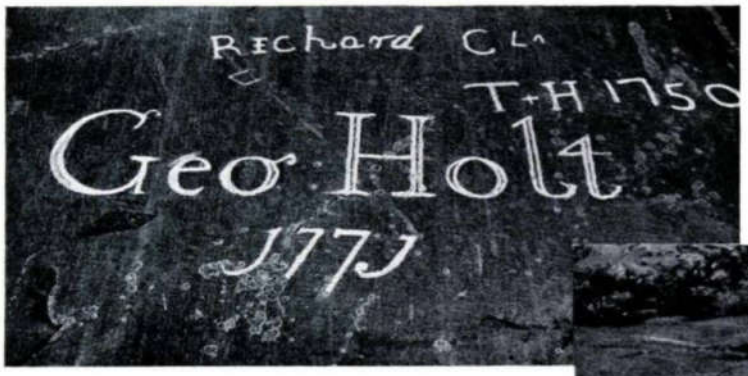
Photos by Eva Beckett

THE two sloops, H.M.S. *Furnace* and *Discovery*, whose names appear carved on the rock at the left, were sent out by the British Admiralty over two centuries ago to search for a North-West Passage. They wintered on the north shore of the Churchill River, about two miles from Fort Prince of Wales, in a place that has ever since been known as Sloops' Cove. Masons engaged in the building of the great stone fort, and H B C men stationed there, probably saw the names on the rock and considered it would be a good idea to add their own. However, the name of John Kelley—or at least his likeness—was presumably inscribed by someone else.

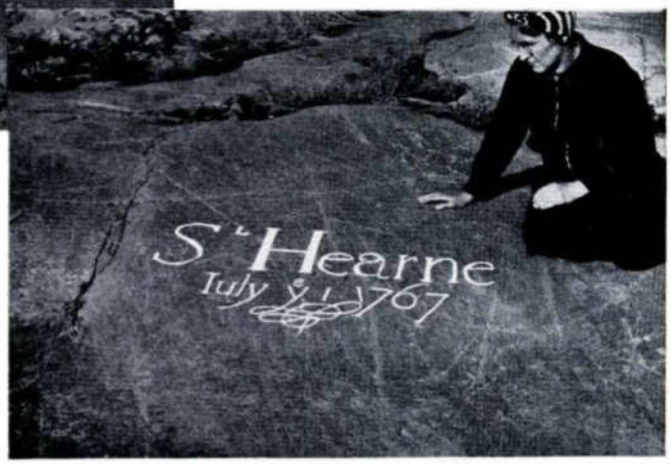


"No.1" probably stood for November 1. Capt. Middleton, formerly in the Company's service, commanded the *Furnace*, Capt. Moor the *Discovery*.

The great Samuel Hearne, who commanded the fort when it was captured in 1782, left his name here a hundred years to the day before the confederation of the Dominion of Canada.



Guilford Long was evidently a mason, as shown by the hammer he carved beside his name 190 years ago.



David Thompson, famed geographer, wintered at Churchill in 1784-5. Possibly he carved this name.

Below: Robert Smith was another mason, working on the fort in the year the United States declared their independence.

Kelley is said to have been hanged for stealing a goose. Which seems highly unlikely.

THE LONG TRAIL–II

by Mrs. J. S. C. Watt

The first half of Mrs. Watt's story, describing her long overland trek from Hudson Strait to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, appeared in the last *Beaver*. This instalment deals with the second half of the journey, from old Fort Nascopie on Lake Pitisikipau to Seven Islands.

WE left Pitisikipau by the outlet leading to Lake Minaik, and carried on along a series of waterways until we reached Lake Patogama, the twenty-seventh day of our trip. So far we had made good progress and had been favoured by good weather—frosts at night, which enabled us to walk on the crust, sometimes without snowshoes. We passed several deserted camps. Indians always leave letters at their camping places, and most of the letters reported hard times. At all the deserted camps we passed the Indians had been out of tea for a long time. It must have been hard on those poor people living so long exclusively on fish—and not sufficient fish—and having only fish water to drink. They must have missed the caribou terribly.

We continued to set our nets and hooks every night, but never caught many fish, and those mostly suckers, but we were now hungry enough to appreciate and enjoy even them.

After leaving the great lake, we shot only one ptarmigan, and when we had no country food we were afraid of our provisions going too fast and never really ate all we would have liked to. I never was so hungry as my husband. I remember one evening I cooked some peas for next day, and he was so hungry he got up in the night and had a feed; said he couldn't sleep for thinking about them. Our Indians had no flour left and must have been hungry most of the time, but they never complained—just drank tea and carried on. We still had tobacco, and in the evenings all the Indians, including Ostinetcho's wife, puffed at their pipes, seemingly quite content and without a worry in the world.

During our trek the next day we passed several graves in a sheltered pleasant spot. The graves were enclosed with a neat fence, and each grave had a rough wooden cross. I was surprised to see the trouble they had taken with their dead. This was the grave of old Laurent and five others who had died with the measles. An epidemic of measles is just as deadly amongst Indians as smallpox. As soon as they are a little better, they will go out and catch chills, and die.

After leaving Lake Patogama, we crossed several small lakes, and on Sunday, May 12, reached the Aswanipi river. We were travelling south every day, and now it was getting warmer, and the ice in places was getting bad. I was always careful and walked along holding on to the canoe, but my husband, following with our sleigh, was not so careful and fell through. He got out all right, but was soaking wet, and we had to camp to give him a chance to dry his clothes.

This was the river where the Indians expected we would have to use our canoe; but although the ice was bad it did not look as if it would open for some time and we couldn't afford to wait. We caught two small lake trout here and picked some cranberries on a low hill-top. The snow had just melted and uncovered them. I still had a little sugar and made some jam—just a cupful, but we enjoyed it. The Indians picked sufficient berries to last them all next day. Judging by the conditions of the ice there, the Indians thought we might have to walk for another ten or twelve days. Not very cheerful news, but by this time we had picked up some of the Indian philosophy.

Two Indians arrived at our camp that night—Pierre Oscoon and Joseph Opena. They wanted a box of caps for a muzzle-loading gun, but we had none with us.

It snowed all night and rained the following day, and we could not travel; but we did not mind so much. We got thirty fish altogether in our nets and on our hooks and Alexandre shot a spruce partridge. This seems like a lot of food, but it was all finished next day, and nothing wasted—even the insides of the fish were roasted on the fire and eaten. Poor little Pierre, Ostinetcho's boy, filled up a little that day. We used to give him a little food sometimes, but his mother always remonstrated. She would say, "He can't be hungry; he doesn't haul." I don't think she realized little boys are always hungry whether they haul or not.

On Tuesday, May 14, my journal records: "A beautiful day, the first real spring day we have had. Started at daybreak and crossed two portages by noon. The river here is full of islands and has numerous channels. The ice is still thirty inches thick, very unusual at this time of year."

The next two days the weather was fine and warm, but the travelling in the early morning was very good. On May 17, the northern lights were bright when we started at two o'clock in the morning. We travelled along the river, then came to Lake Wewashesquish. Here the ice was very bad and we had to be careful. At one place there was open water, and all our belongings had to be transported in the canoe. After passing the lake, we followed a river again, and then over a portage. The portage was almost clear of snow, and it

Montagnais Indians at Lake Aswanipi. Behind them is the canoe on its sled, with the sail up.

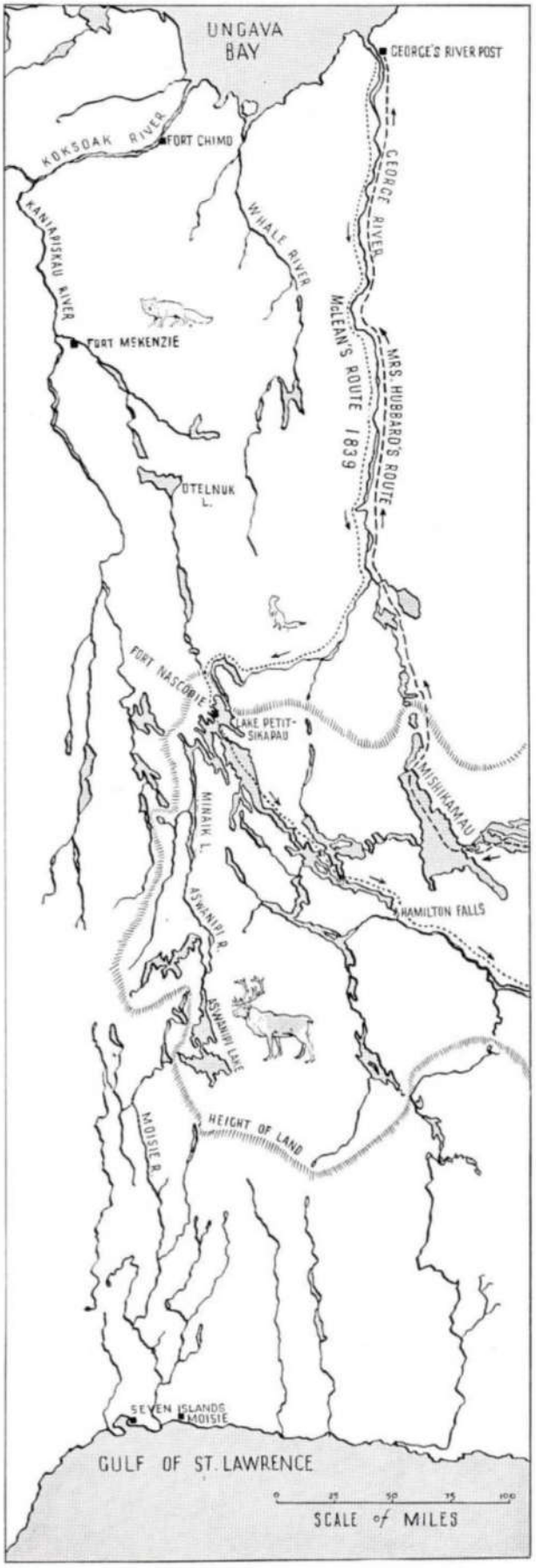
took my husband and me all our time to help the pups drag the sleigh along. We had only two pups now, the big dog having died. All of a sudden our pups pricked up their ears and came to life. Caribou, we thought, at first; but it turned out to be a large Indian encampment on the shore of a great lake—Lake Aswanipi. Here a number of Indian families were camped. To us it looked like a small city. We had not seen so many people for a long time. I forget the names of the various Indians, although I got to know them all well; but I remember Bastien's old mother was one of the party—a sprightly old lady of eighty-four. They were all as happy as could be, although they had nothing but fish to live on, and were delighted when we supplied them all with tea. There was one very big wigwam with five or six families living in it—a very bright and cheerful place. The big fire in the centre had sometimes as many as ten kettles boiling or cooking on it, and it was usually surrounded by fish cooking on wooden spits.

The Indians were making paddles and preparing for their trip to the coast. We asked them about the prospects of food on the way down. They were very optimistic. Just a few days further on was a lake, Lake Nipisish, where fish were sure to be plentiful. The food problem just then was causing them no trouble. Winter was hard, they all agreed, but now that summer was almost in sight everything was rose coloured. The wigwams, with their fresh spruce boughs, were nice and clean. I think it is wonderful how clean Indian women, with so few facilities, can keep their camps. There were several babies—nice clean little babies—laced up in their Indian cradles, or swinging in little hammocks.

The day after we arrived another family came in—a man named Pitchegas and his wife. They had been hauling their toboggan—the man in the lead—when he suddenly fell through the ice in the same place my husband had fallen in. The hole had frozen over very slightly and was covered with light snow, so Pitchegas did not notice it. The Indians thought this was a great joke and roared with laughter.

The second day of our stay, the Indians decided to conjure for fish. Conjuring formed part of their old religious rites. They are all Christians now, but still retain some of their ancient superstitions. They made a small low wigwam, the frame made of bent willows; then they heated rocks, put the hot rocks in the wigwam and threw water over them, making a kind of turkish bath. Several of the men entered the wigwam and commenced a low monotonous chant, which they kept up for a long time. They finally emerged dripping with sweat. Sometimes some of the more famed conjurers make a different kind of wigwam, a tall conical hut. They enter it alone, sing and chant, making the wigwam rock violently at the same time—quite a weird performance. Then they often make the kind of wigwam I first described, fill it with hot rocks, and use it merely as a bath. My husband and I thought we would be able to have a laugh at the conjurers next day, but the joke was on us. There was a tremendous catch of fish next morning; it just looked like a fish market. I was sent for to take the first pick, and picked out several beauties, and we had a real gorge at night.

We almost got to believe there must be something in conjuring after all; but some time after, when we were hungry and had no fish, my husband suggested they should try conjuring again. But they didn't try; they knew better.



The day before we resumed our journey it was raining and very mild, and old Pitchegas told my husband that for a plug of tobacco he would make north wind. He got the tobacco and we got the north wind, too much of it. It lasted for several days. My husband told Pitchegas he had made a mistake and given him too much tobacco!

It froze hard and the lake was just a sheet of glass. We raced along all day, and it was so slippery it was hard to keep our feet. After a while Petabino rigged a sail on the canoe and he and I soon out-distanced the others. The lake is very large and wide, with numerous wooded islands, some of them several miles in extent.

Petabino and I stopped once or twice and looked back. It was funny to see so many people on the ice, men, women and children, all hauling toboggans and trying to keep their feet on the slippery surface, the women's long skirts blowing in the wind. One would think Indian women would wear short skirts or breeches for travelling, but they stick to the long skirts and look very bedraggled sometimes.

Next day, with Pitchegas' north wind still blowing, and very cold, we travelled all day, a large company of us now. Most of the men had picked up their canoes which had been cached at the end of the lake and were hauling them on very primitive looking canoe sleighs.

A tale still lingered hereabouts of an Indian bringing a nugget of gold to a missionary. The priest had the nugget assayed and found it was really gold, but forbade the Indians ever to reveal the spot where it was found to any white man, knowing that a gold rush might, and likely would, ruin the Indians he loved so well. We asked the Indians if this rumour was true. After some talk they said it was and they knew the place the gold was found. My husband asked if they would show him the place. This was rather a poser, and they talked it over again, and finally began to laugh. I asked them what the joke was, and they told me that they could not very well show the place to my husband but they could show it to me if I wanted to to see it. I was no white man and did not come under the forbidden clause. We were interested in the story, but not in the gold. Just then gold interested us not at all. The thought of a nice juicy steak with onions and potatoes was far more attractive.

The McKenzie boys, Montagnais Indians, with old Mother McKenzie and other members of the family.

The ice on the river was so bad in places it was impossible to travel on it, and we had to cut a trail along the river bank for a considerable distance. This afternoon my husband fell through the ice twice, which delayed us a lot. The Indians told me the place would always be known as the place where the white man fell through the ice, but this did not console me for the time we lost.

It took seven more days to reach the Moisie river—seven more days of hard travelling, partly on bad ice and with very little to eat. But there were one or two bright spots. One night we reached an Indian camp and the Indian had just killed some beaver. He gave us all some. I had never tasted beaver meat before, and I don't know that I particularly want to again, but I certainly enjoyed it on this occasion; and so did my husband. We had a big helping and managed to keep some for next day. The Indians prize beaver meat above all other kinds of wild meats. Caribou, rabbit and ptarmigan are not fat. Caribou sometimes is, but never rabbit or ptarmigan. And the Indians say you get hungry quickly living on either of them and have to eat a lot, but say they can walk all day on a small piece of beaver meat. I don't think beaver was ever very plentiful in this part of the country, many rocky places being unsuited for them; but there was lots of suitable beaver country, and I am sure sufficient beaver could be preserved to support the very limited population. The Indian who gave us the beaver joined the procession and before we reached the coast no less than nineteen families accompanied us. We had taken lots of tea—too much, I thought—but I was glad we had, for it proved a godsend to the Indians.

At last we reached Lake Nipishish, the famous lake where fish were supposed to be so plentiful; but it was still covered with ice, and if there were fish in the lake we could not catch them. Petabino caught one big trout, and I think that was our last good feed before we reached the settlement at Moisie.

There are two lakes named Nipishish, the upper and the lower lake. On the upper lake the ice was so very bad we abandoned our sleigh and loaded everything into the canoe, then ran along holding on to the canoe, the ice bending under us in places and sometimes breaking. We all passed the lake safely and heaved a sigh of relief. It was just a little too thrilling to be comfortable.

I was amused with one little boy on the next portage, a stout little lad. He carried two babies besides a pack of considerable size. The babies were laced up in their Indian cradles. One baby was placed on top of the pack, and the other baby on top of this again, partly resting on the boy's head. The babies did not cry and appeared to enjoy it.

We reached the lower lake, and found it covered with ice too bad to travel on. Close to the shore it was broken in places, so we made up our minds to try and get along by canoe. The Indians are very careful of their canoes—they cost a lot of money and they have to be careful of them—so our canoe took the lead and we broke a channel along, breaking the ice with our paddles, and where we could not break it by this means we hauled the canoe on the ice and broke it by weight. It was slow work, but we made progress; and half way down the lake, when we stopped to boil the kettle, our canoe was christened the *Montcalm* after one of the St. Lawrence government ice breakers. Near the lower end of the lake there was quite an open space between the shore and the ice, and we got along

Mr. Watt with some of the Indians of the party. Says he: "Guess which is Watt."

without much difficulty. From there we made a portage to another small lake, which fortunately was open. And were we glad to say good-bye to ice and snow! After crossing this lake only a long portage over hills separated us from the valley of the Moisie. It was rather a hungry camp that night, although everyone was cheerful. We still had a little flour and peasemeal. I asked little Pierre if he was hungry. "No," he replied. "How should I be hungry now, when we are only a few days from Moisie?" I gave him a piece of bannock, and he kept out of his mother's sight while he ate it.

Next morning at dawn the canvas town was taken down and the long carry commenced. Everyone was loaded. The boy I mentioned before again had his pack and two babies. Some very tiny children of both sexes carried small bundles, and apparently were quite proud to do so. The Montagnais Indians seldom use leather portage straps. They just use lines and a piece of birch bark on their heads to keep the lines from hurting.

Everybody appeared to be loaded except me, and I carried only our kettles; but I did not carry them long. Bastien's old mother, the old lady of eighty-four, caught me up and insisted on carrying them. Her sons would not allow her to carry a pack, and she felt rather aggrieved. Possibly taking my kettles consoled her. The old lady stepped out briskly and kept up with me all the way, talking most of the time. She was not very pleased with her sons. So far as I could make out, they did not come up to the standard of their late father, who must have been a wonderful man. But, as my husband says, "We are all wonderful when we are dead."

After a long walk we arrived at the creek. A very tiny creek it was, just big enough for the canoe. But travelling on it was very comfortable and called for little effort; and I was sorry when it came to an end and we commenced another long carry, over a very high hill this time. It was good walking, but very steep, and must have been tiresome for the people carrying canoes and heavy loads. At last we reached the summit; and there, spread out before us, was the long-looked-for valley of the Moisie, with the river winding along as far as the eye could see. What a splendid prospect! What a glorious view! Doctor Johnson said the finest view in Scotland was the road that led to England, and possibly the beauty of the view ahead of us was enhanced by the fact that it was the highway to the coast, to civilization, friends, and the certainty of three good meals a day.

We camped at night on the Moisie, just below the falls. Another hungry camp, but the Indians were as jolly as could be, laughing and talking and apparently quite oblivious to the fact that all they had to eat was some scraps of dried fish, and tea with neither milk or sugar. They were, to quote my husband, "contented with little and canty with more." We had a very tiny bannock for supper and divided the rest of our flour with some of the children who looked hungry. This was the last of our provisions, and we were still some eighty miles from the coast, but after the long way we had come eighty miles did not seem far.

The river below us ran between high rocky banks and was very high and turbulent. The Indians evidently did not like the look of it. Bye and bye someone broke the unwelcome news that the river was too

dangerous to be attempted and we might have to wait a few days until the water went down. My husband suggested cutting a portage, but this appeared to be out of the question; the high rocky banks made a portage impossible. My husband strolled off to assure himself of this, but after clambering over rocks for a while returned, saying even a goat could not get along over the broken rocks.

We had never been impatient during the whole trip; in fact, we had made such good progress we had little reason to be impatient. But we were impatient now. Only two days from the coast, no grub, and held up!

It had been a long tiresome day, so we went to bed. When we got up, not so early as usual, we found several Indians on the river bank seriously considering making the attempt. At last, to our great delight, they decided to try.

The canvas town disappeared in a jiffy, and soon all were ready. The first to make the attempt was Alexandre's father, Alexandre the second. He got into the bow of the canoe and, very much to our surprise, Ostinetcho's wife took the stern. The old man was nervous and said his prayers first, but Ostinetcho's wife evidently thought it was a joke and was laughing in great glee. For us, and I suppose everyone else, it was an anxious moment. We watched the canoe leave the bank and ride out into the turbulent rapids. It dashed along on top of the big waves, shipping quite a lot of water, and in a moment disappeared around the bend. We were anxious to start next, but the Indians asked us to wait, and several canoes ran the danger spot ahead of us, all taking water. At last we made a start—quite a canoe load—Alexandre, Ostinetcho, Petabino, our two pups, all our belongings and ourselves. It was all over in a minute. We dashed through and over the rough water and before we reached the bend we were soaking wet, with the bottom of the canoe full of water. We landed about a mile down the river, emptied our canoe and waited until the rest arrived safely.

It was nice and warm and we did not change our wet clothes, but carried on until noon, when we went ashore, boiled the kettle and dried our belongings. Our Sunday best was well secured in a waterproof sack and did not get wet at all. We just boiled the kettle, made some tea and ate a few crumbs from the bottom of our grub box.

There are few portages on the Moisie river. It is very swift water, with a lot of small rapids, and we descended quickly.

The Indians told us the river was very hard to ascend, and it took twelve days from the coast to reach the point where we had started in the morning.

Going up the river was all poling and tracking, but going down it was swift and glorious. We camped that evening at a portage, and I was too excited to be hungry. I remember this camp so well. The Indians were all in high spirits. It must have been a thrill for them to get out to the coast after the long hard winter in the interior. Everyone had a bite to eat that night. One of the Indians had a small flour cache here, just about ten pounds, and everyone got a small cupful.

Next morning, June 2, the last day of our long trip, we were up at dawn and were careering down the river before the sun rose.

Our last day in the bush was thrilling. The flotilla of canoes rushed swiftly past the river banks, but not so swiftly as I would have liked. Of the scenery on the river I remember nothing. At last we reached a portage—Winnipeg portage; the Indians call it (the sea portage). We boiled the kettle here and had a small teepee erected as a dressing room. My husband looked like a very dilapidated scarecrow, and I think I must have looked worse. My clothes were in tatters. White people for some reason always look worse than Indians when they spend some time in the bush. We washed; my husband shaved. We threw away our old rags and finally emerged dressed in our Sunday best, my husband very uncomfortable in a white collar. I had no hat, but arranged a silk handkerchief on my head. We were almost as brown as Indians, but otherwise looked quite presentable.

I don't remember how far the portage was from the coast, but it seemed a long way. At last, we rounded a point and saw houses. And didn't they look wonderful! Almost too wonderful to be real. I half expected them to vanish like a mirage. But they were real, and we reached them quickly. The flotilla stopped paddling and allowed our canoe to reach shore first—Indian courtesy. The first person to welcome us was Malcolm Holliday, whom we had met before. "Hullo, where did you come from?" asked Mr. Holliday. "From Ungava," replied my husband.

Mr. Holliday would have believed us more readily if the two scarecrows of the morning had stepped ashore, but he found it hard to believe two well dressed people had made such a long trip.

It was still early in the day, so we engaged a horse and light waggon to take us to Seven Islands, about twelve miles distant. We could have walked quite nicely, but, now we were "outside," we did not feel so much like walking. Petabino came along with us. And was he delighted with the trip! He had never seen a horse before, and he thought it was wonderful. Whenever the horse stopped trotting, Petabino jumped off and ran ahead, just to get a better look at it.

Petabino came to see me—all dressed up in new clothes, but just the same Petabino. He brought me a bag of oranges. I have not heard of Petabino for years, but I hope he is well and happy, as he deserves to be. A more pleasant companion on a long trip would be hard to find. Alexandre and Ostinetcho were both fine fellows, wonderful fellows really; but in my memory Petabino always takes the premier place. I never will forget the many thoughtful little acts he performed. Petabino belonged to no church, had no advantages in the way of education or any other way, but he had the instincts of a gentleman—a very gallant Indian gentleman. Little Pierre also came to see me with a present, a bag of chocolates. Little Pierre must be grown up now, and I suppose is married long ago. I wonder sometimes does he tell his children the story of the trip he made, when a little boy, with the white man and his wife.

Open water at last! Beyond this lay the long portage to the Moisie, and the home stretch.

BARGES

by Trevor Lloyd

Three Hudson's Bay barges ready to start north in the spring. *George M. Douglas.*

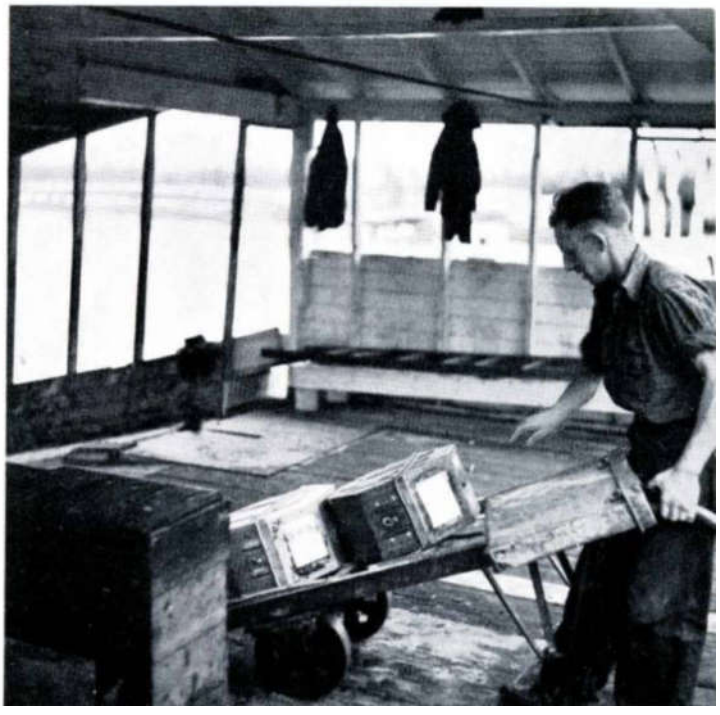
BARGES are known the world over generally as rather simple craft designed to carry bulky cargoes that are inexpensive and in no great hurry —perhaps stone on the Thames, cement on the Seine, or coal on the Monongahela. People live on them, spending a lifetime on the narrow waters of canals or rivers, and good ladies organize societies to look after the education of their children. The bargee is a colourful figure, speaking a vernacular surpassing in profanity even that of the lumberjack or the steel-puddler. A. P. Herbert has even written a book about them, *The Water Gypsies*, and it is all rather romantic.

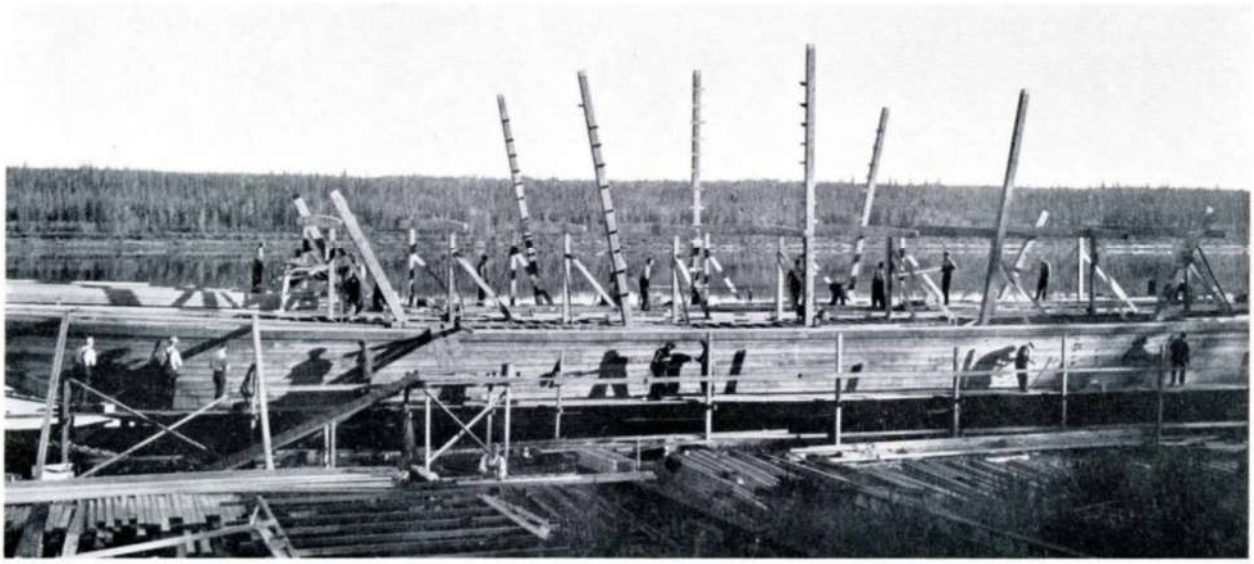
The barges of the Mackenzie Valley, however, are in a class by themselves. In a single season they move enormous tonnages of freight against natural handicaps quite unknown on the more peaceful waters of the Rhine or the Mississippi.

The aristocrats of the river are solidly and craftily built to stand the strains of uneven loading, abrasion against rocks and sand-bars, and the annual hauling out in the autumn and launching in spring. One of the larger barges was frozen in on the Mackenzie River in 1941 and, carried away by the ice in 1942, travelled from Fort Norman to Good Hope before being recaptured. It was at once put back into service unharmed by its busman's holiday. Such well constructed barges are expensive to build but are good for many years' service.

Almost without exception, it can be said that the Hudson's Bay Company's barges are the finest north of Waterways. In their capacious holds the greater portion of freight destined for the North is shipped from that point. They vary in size from those used mainly for lightering in harbour up to the giant "500" able to carry up to six hundred tons or more without difficulty. Barges used by the Hudson's Bay Company are numbered according to their capacity; so a "250" barge carries about two hundred and fifty tons of freight, while No. 101 is a "hundred tonner." Some of the larger ones have roofs built over them, surmounting walls fitted with sliding doors which render them weather proof. Although the roof is not intended to carry freight, light cargo is often placed there.

Film for a Yellowknife movie theatre at the top of the loading conveyor at Waterways.





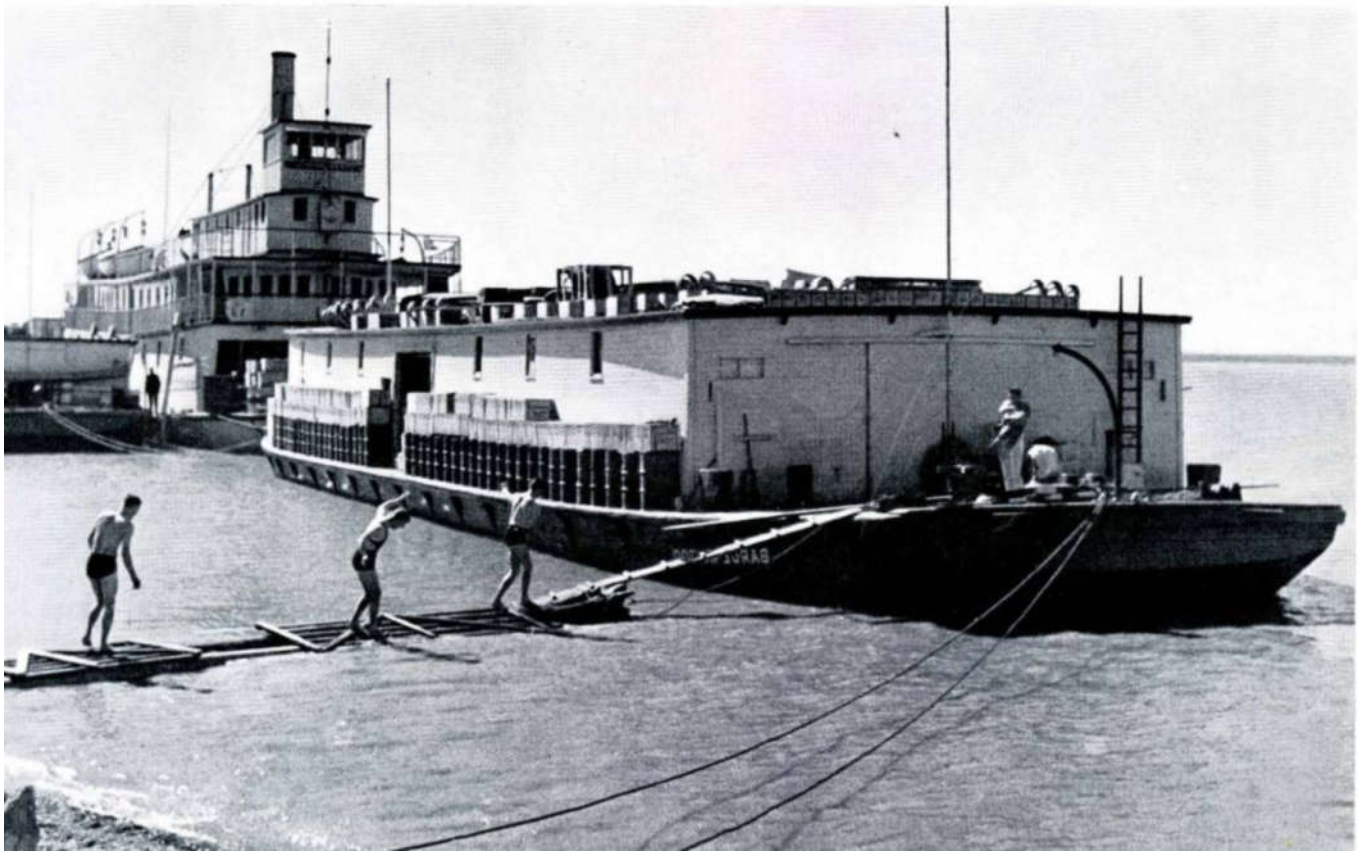
The building of Barge 500.

These barges run on regular schedules and spend very little time in port, so that one of them alone can shift an impressive tonnage in the four months or so of active operation each year. Barge 253 on the three hundred mile run from Fort Smith to Yellowknife regularly takes more than two hundred and fifty tons of freight—a form of transportation which is astonishing when it is realized that Fort Smith is on the sixtieth parallel of latitude, more than seven hundred and fifty miles north of the international boundary.

Unlike similar traffic on other rivers of the world, the freight sent on these barges is neither exclusively slow nor necessarily cheap. There is no effective alternative to water travel for most cargoes in the Mackenzie Valley, and valuable bales of fur, express packages, or "rush" items must be handled along with steel rails, crusher linings and bricks. Then again, there is no crew living on the barge, eating, sleeping and working there. The sole inhabitants are occasional live-stock.

Mackenzie River barges may be regarded as floating warehouses. All the precautions needed in the one are as essential in the other. Freight must be stowed in order where it can be found, and with the proper regard for the smell of soap, the tendency of syrup tins to open when placed upside down, and the low crushing resistance of radios, stove pipes and eggs. Special cargoes such as oil in bulk are carried on barges equipped with tanks, but when this is not possible drums of it must be stowed so as to cause as little

Every bit of space on this 300-ton barge is taken up with cargo. Note the other barge alongside the steamer. *R. N. Hourde.*



danger to other cargo as possible. Many of the cargoes which go to northern gold mines require careful handling, especially the various mysterious chemicals such as cyanide and flotation reagents. Dynamite, which is popularly believed to be extremely dangerous to handle, is much less hazardous than the caps used to explode it. So, when both are in the same shipment, they are placed as far away as possible from one another, usually separated by a hundred fathoms of tow line.

A fleet of barges, however, is not in itself of much use without the ships to move them. Twenty-five years ago the steamers in the Mackenzie Valley operated alone; but the development of the country necessitated the introduction of barges in order to increase the carrying capacity of each trip. Now a power vessel operating without barges is a rare sight.

In the rivers, barges are handled in one of two ways. Either they are pushed, being lashed rigidly to the bow of the ship, or they are lashed to the side and hauled along with it. In this way as many as five can be taken by a single ship, although the problem of steering them in the shallow, winding Athabasca River is far from easy. On July 20, 1942, the S.S. *Athabasca River* left Waterways with four barges numbered 302, 203, 204 and C11. Thus this veteran steamer pushed about six hundred tons of freight the three hundred miles from Waterways to Fitzgerald, and it called on all the skill of Captain Alexander to do it without mishap.

The cargo on the roof of this barge includes canoes, oil, and toboggans. In the distance are the Ramparts of the Mackenzie River. *R. N. Hourde.*

When lake waters are rough the barges must be put on a tow-line. This is often a difficult manoeuvre, as the tug and barges are usually plunging about in choppy water and the eight-inch hawser is heavy and awkward to handle. A tug equipped to tow can handle as many as three barges in line, but the steamboats, whose stern wheel makes towing difficult, are forced to tie up and wait until the lakes are calm.

In order to tow well the bow is often a little higher than the stern, but this is not always so. The "500," which left Fort Smith with S.S. *Distributor* on July 4, 1942, carrying almost six hundred tons, was drawing five feet at the bow and five feet one inch at the stern.

In the annals of navigation in the Mackenzie Valley, the names of famous steamers like the *Mackenzie River* or the *Distributor* appear frequently; but they would be powerless to move the great quantities of freight that are annually sent north without the aid of the less picturesque, unassuming, dull red barges.

A cow picked up by the ***Pelly Lake*** pays her fare to the purser en route. Behind her is some ore-crushing machinery, and a portable jail for the R.C.M.P.

A steel barge being welded together. *T. Lloyd.*

MEDICINE MAN

By a Resident Nurse

I HAD always wanted to visit Moanday's, our own particular medicine man's home on the Lake of the Woods. I often meet him on the bush trails, his ill-fitting cap and coat, green with age, slyly camouflaging him in the restless foliage. Our friendship was clinched years ago when he strode into my dispensary with a gallon of queer looking fluid and a salmon tin half full of ointment, both guaranteed to cure any ailment a patient could have. Sometimes we exchange medicines, I getting the better bargain, as what he carries away has to run the gauntlet of the Evil Spirit, who, he assures me, is not above sporting maliciously with our good work.

Knowing I dare not sit in on any of Moanday's mysteries with a white friend, I asked Charlie Cherry, an Indian lad, to accompany me. Moonlight was tipping the pines. Mist filled the valleys. Charlie took trail like a mountain deer, his moccasined feet scarcely touching ground as he dodged windfall and stump. I mightn't have kept sight of him in the snag-strewn marathon, had not the blood-freezing cry of a timber wolf rung through the weird shadows capering in our wake.

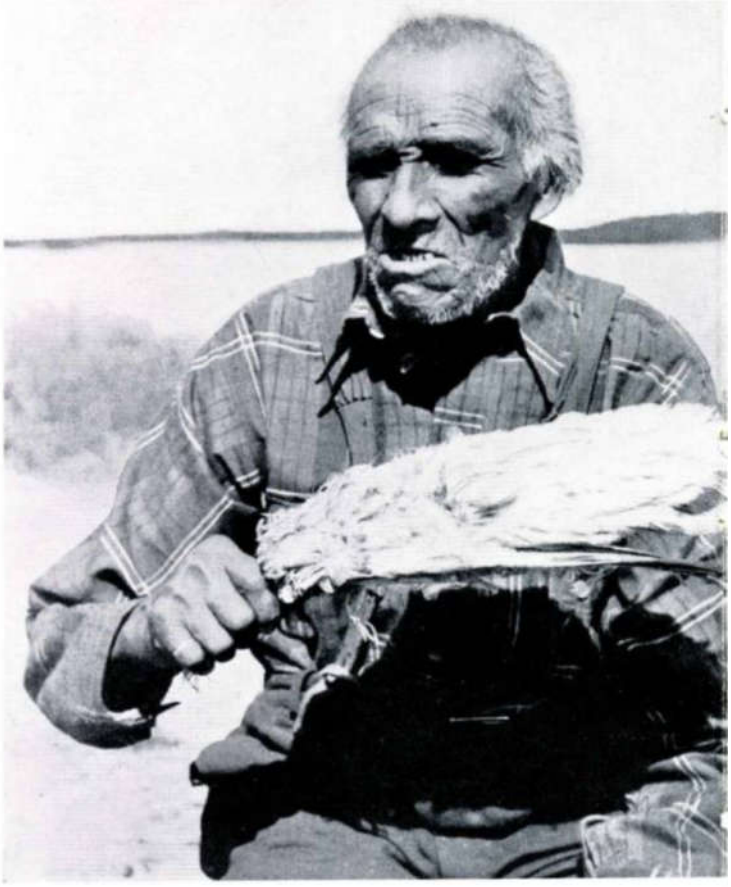
After about a four-mile sprint, Charlie halted. When I caught up, he waved a triumphant hand toward half a dozen log cabins in the lake's lee shore and announced, "Moanday, she live here!" (Pronouns are always confusing to Charlie.)

The cabin stood apart in loneliness. There was no light in its windows, but a whiff of wood smoke came down the wind. The whirring wings of a night-bird broke the silence as we dropped down a padded path to lake level. Before Charlie reached the first cabin, Moanday opened the door.

He looked, blinked, and looked again; then his jaw relaxed and little tributaries of laughter raced over his face. His "Come in!" was friendly. The cabin was hot, a steamy heat that filled every corner and veiled the light of a coal-oil lamp hanging amongst traps and fish-nets from poplar rafters. Fortunately fragrance from the pine-strewn floor offset the ventilating deficiencies of two small windows.

Mrs. Moanday, seated on the floor at the entrance, smoking a pipe, did not stir as she looked over her shoulder with an expression of pleasant but complete sang-froid. It was not until Charlie pulled over a box for a seat that I realized another Indian was sitting in the corner—the most startlingly uncivilized looking person I'd ever seen.

His body was limp. Two fiery eyes looked from between black whiskers tufting his face and hair that hung shoulder-length in greasy strands. While I was trying to decide whether the perspiration on his brow was from the two coats and wool scarf he wore or from a fever, Charlie exchanged "bon jours!" with him; then explained, "That's Peedro. She bin squirrel hunting." Peedro must have sensed my appraisal, for holding up a blood-smeared finger he said, "I cut my finger . . . but I'm not sick. My folks they never sick. We don't go near other Indians, you see. Stay in our own cabin, except maybe when I come here."



Indian Medicine Man

"You're an isolationist then," I ventured.

"Naw, we part negro. Come from the States." With this he rose and shook himself, as if fearing a stray bug might bounce over his immunity, and held up his finger to Moanday, who was just recovering from the shock of our arrival.

Moanday was in no hurry, however; taking the lid from a pan on the stove, he pointed to a muskrat cooking and licked his lips. Fearing this might be his way of issuing a supper invitation, I tried to side-track him as he dipped into a corner for the rat's pelt, which he stroked caressingly but with a monetary eye. Then he said, "Very good hide . . . worth a dollar an' a half, and rat good to eat."

Peedro perked up. I motioned to Charlie, who was clearing snuff boxes and a couple of snake skins from the table, to stay out of a huddle that was promising to end in a muskrat meal. This was lab, consulting-room and surgery!

Moanday turned to his patient. Taking a strip of poplar bark from a pail on the floor, he applied it, sap side to the wound, tying with a tiny thong, clinching the ligature with a serenity that allayed all doubt of its antiseptic quality. He talked little, as if words were a weariness of the flesh, but his voice was gentle, resonant, conveying a quality of greatness and understanding of things worth while. As I looked on, Charlie explained, "Sap good for tree, good for hand!"

"That all you use for cuts, Moanday?" I asked cautiously.

He shook his head. "Sometimes I make plaster with tea leave . . . and tobacco, maybe snuff."

Taking a wad from within his lower lip, Peedro held it out. "See . . . that's it; good for ache in teeth, too." It looked less medicinal than the bark; but I had untied nondescript rags from snuff-smeared wounds and had seen water from soaked snuff fed to babies, so was aware of its narcotic reputation. I questioned the history of a peppermint smelling solution in a bowl.

"*Wekay!*" said Charlie. Wekay is a root (botanical name I've never learned), the essence of which Moanday administers for headache and stomach upsets. If the headache persists, our pseudo-doctor breaks off a tooth or two with a home-made instrument like a cross between a chisel and a pincer—a counter irritant that might be debatable in a less optimistic environment. Snake oil and fish roe do not sound palatable, but they are listed on Moanday's pharmacopeia to cure most internal disorders.

Sidling onto a seat by the window, Moanday began stripping needles from a pine bough into a basin. His movements were deliberate, but his eyes sought the tree-tops and heavens as if he wanted to incorporate their tranquillity and strength with the essence of his handiwork. Finally catching my eye, he nodded, and with a handsweep toward the balsam, pine and spruce flanking his window, said, "For cough!" It looked simple. With the winter-green, hepatica and hemlock at their feet, he had the active principals to pour into snake-oil and fish-lard foundation for cough medicines and liniments. Spruce and pine needles also make a good poultice. Moanday has majored in them all. But that isn't all there is to it. He must sneak over dusky trails and rock-splits in the dark of the moon to gather stock, lest the *nee-che-manitou* (Evil Spirit) should catch up with him and wreak vengeance in his path. When a patient dies, Moanday knows the evil-monger has roosted on his favourite spruce or shadowed his herb ground, so transfers patronage to craftier byways.

When throat infections make swallowing difficult, Moanday packs herbs into a tiny cloth sack and hangs it round the patient's neck to be sucked pacifier fashion when convenient. The battalions of bugs drawn from the outside by this arrangement may do as much to oust the primary invaders as the medicine.

Patients who run temperature or become delirious are set outside, this being to Moanday the logical way of reducing fever, especially in sub-zero weather. Disastrous results have sometimes followed this treatment, in other districts, but Moanday refrains from extremes, knowing the penalty should police catch him.

Mrs. Moanday, who had maintained supreme detachment during our preamble, looked at us with a languid eye, then pulling on coat and cap crept beneath a pile of quilts in the corner.

"He go to bed . . . " Charlie said.

Moanday preceded us down the narrow path and on to a dip in the shore-line. It was an eerie place, where rocks rose sheer and whistling wind fell into a moan. A sapling frame had been built as for a miniature wigwam. Stones were piled in the centre.

Charlie explained, "When Indian think she die, Medicine-man find out here." Smiling his long knowing smile, Moanday said nothing. When complications perplex, he lights a fire beneath the stones. When they get hot, stripped to a loin-cloth he throws half a dozen pails of water on them with a sprinkling of tobacco, then, stepping in, pulls a moose-hide about him and osmosis for about an hour. What inspiration comes from the steam-sizzled hide I'd never guess, nor would I seek his secret. The same intuition may prompt him to seek, amongst the skins and stones in this wind-cleansed valley, the mystery between life and death, as did the doctors with whom I have stood gowned and masked as they battled with Death.

"It is not good . . . not very . . . good," Moanday said, scanning the Aurora swept heavens. Venus looks askance at whooping-cough. The Hunter and his Dog chases diphtheria from villages, but when Aurora murmurs in northern skies, he says, "There is trouble abroad for red-man's medicine." Unfortunately, our astronomical data did not click, so we left him on these skyways of his lore.

Moanday is not a quack and must not be confused with philanderers who exploit innocents with mystics and love charms. He dreamt he should be a medicine-man. Thus credentialed, he set out to diagnose and cure the ills of fellow Ojibwas. Believing his practice to be a gift of the gods, he plies it with sincerity, taking payment in kind, skins, moose-meat, wild rice or what have you? He knows hunger . . . lives in its haunting shadow. . . . His face is weathered and hollow, but the love of humanity is in his heart, healing is in his soul.

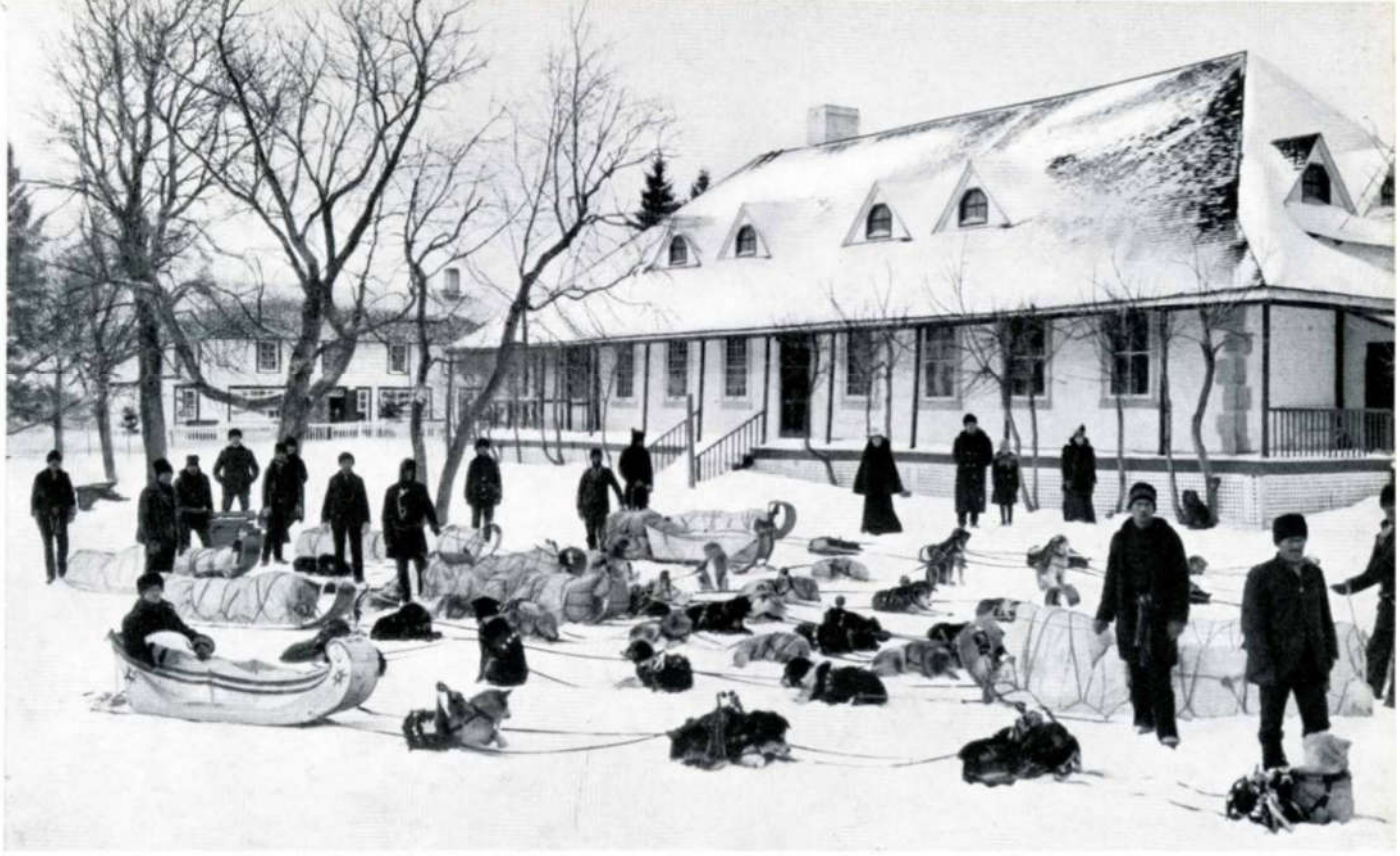
Encampment of the Midewiwin or medicine lodge society of the Ojibwa. In the centre is a sweat lodge covered with a Hudson's Bay Point blanket. *National Museum.*

The store and fur warehouse, built in 1833. *Nicholas Morant.*

Past and Present at LOWER FORT GARRY

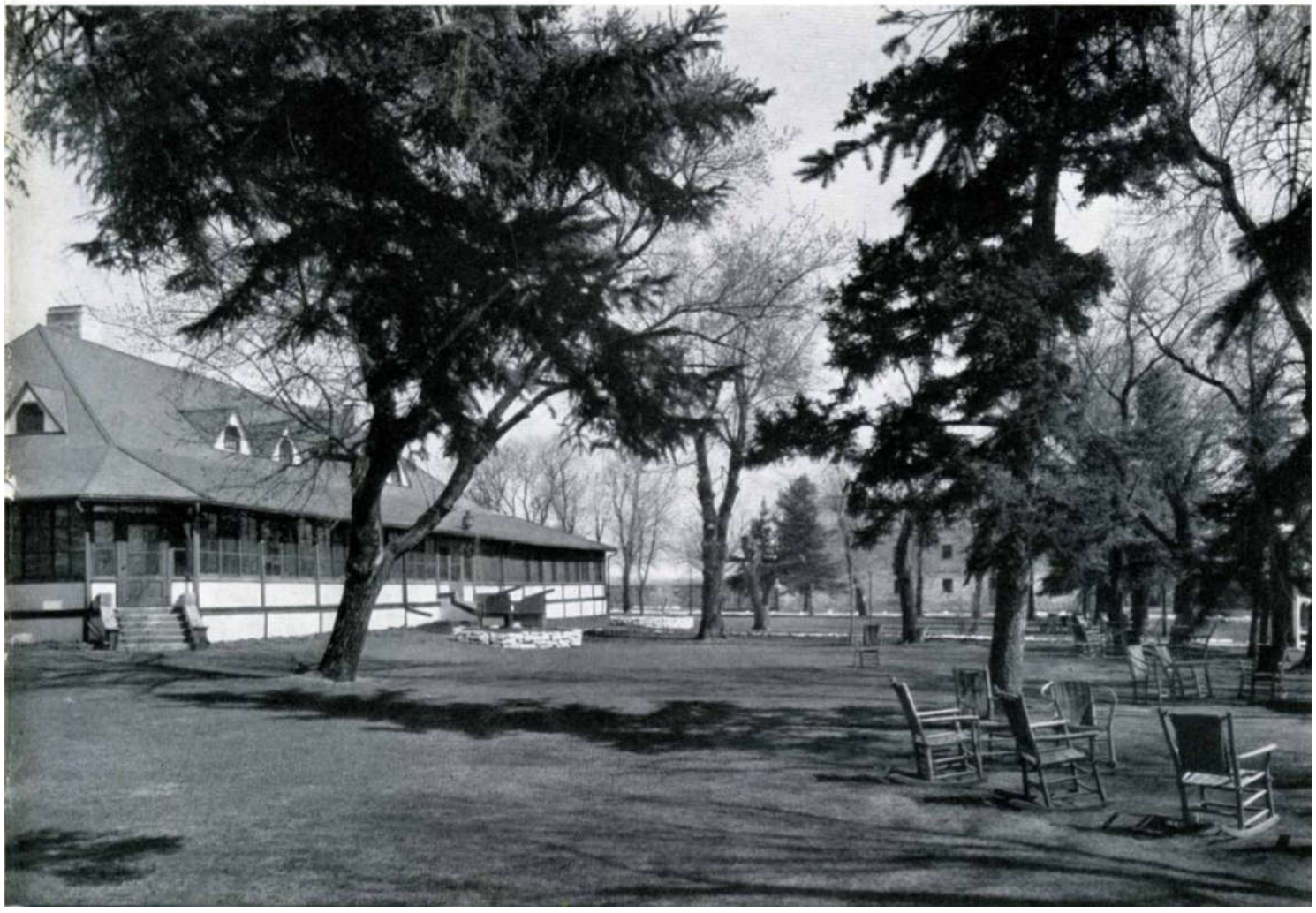
WE can only marvel at the universal good taste of eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It can be understood in the comparatively leisurely building of Government House, Charlottetown or Halifax . . . but no one can explain . . . the masterly handling of masonry and buildings at Lower Fort Garry. That these buildings all have a stamp of competence and of their era, whether built in a colonial town or on the prairies of Manitoba, will always be, to us, a profound mystery."

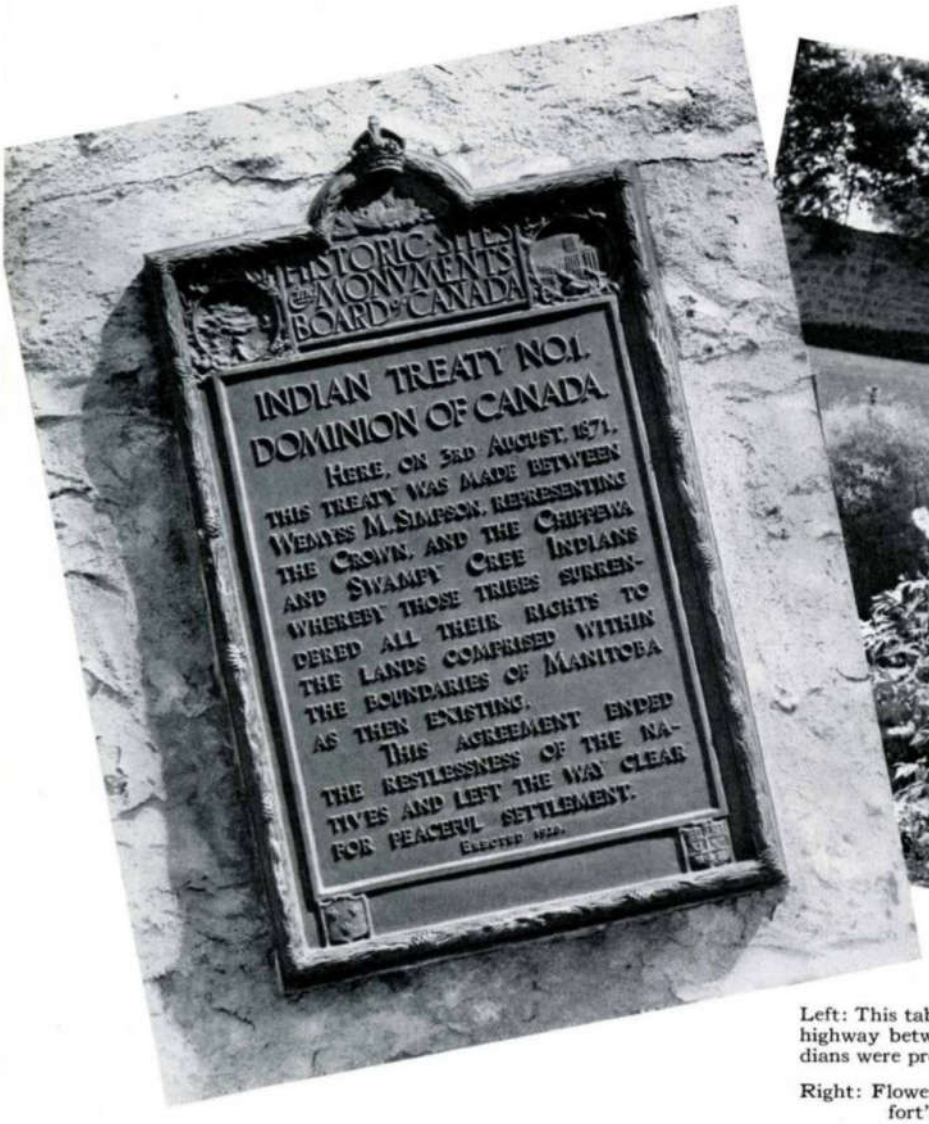
—from the editorial in the Journal of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada, Royal Tour issue, June 1939.

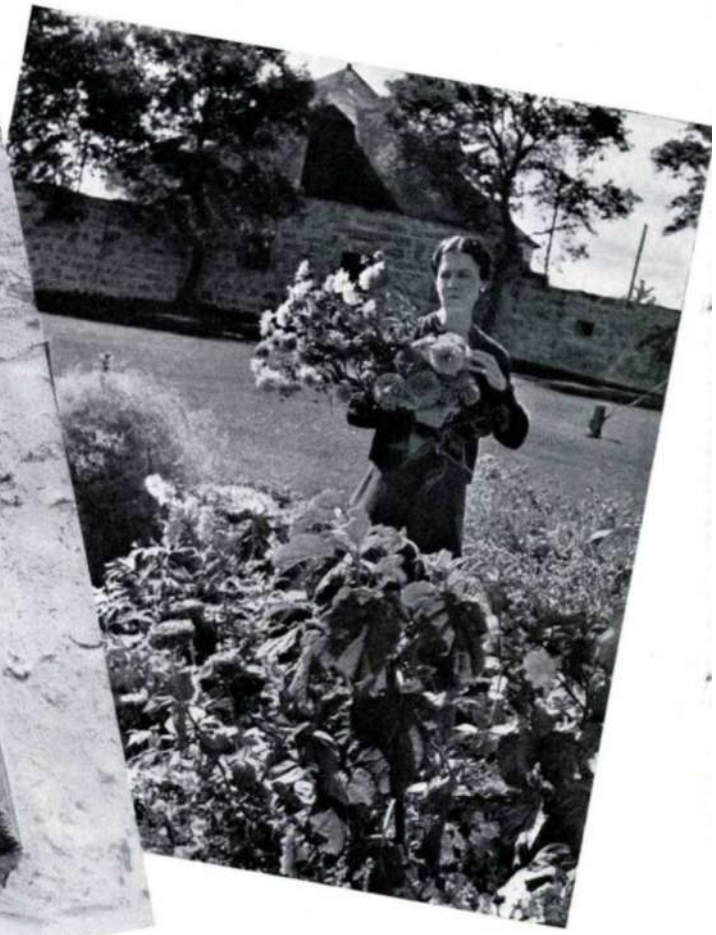


Above: Dog train in front of the factor's house, ready to start for Norway House, about forty years ago. In the distance is the wooden store, built about 1874, but long since demolished.

Below: The old fort sleeps in the sunshine of a warm spring afternoon. The factor's house is to-day the clubhouse of the Motor Country Club, present lessees. *Stovel Company.*




HISTORIC SITES AND MONUMENTS BOARD OF CANADA
INDIAN TREATY NO. 1.
DOMINION OF CANADA.
HERE, ON 3RD AUGUST, 1871,
THIS TREATY WAS MADE BETWEEN
WEMYSS M. SIMPSON, REPRESENTING
THE CROWN, AND THE CHIPPEWA
AND SWAMPY CREE INDIANS
WHEREBY THOSE TRIBES SURRENDERED ALL THEIR RIGHTS TO
THE LANDS COMPRISED WITHIN
THE BOUNDARIES OF MANITOBA
AS THEN EXISTING.
THIS AGREEMENT ENDED
THE RESTLESSNESS OF THE NATIVES AND LEFT THE WAY CLEAR
FOR PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT.
ERECTED 1926.



Left: This tablet on the loopholed wall is visible from the highway between Winnipeg and Selkirk. About 1000 Indians were present at the treaty. *D. Coltman.*

Right: Flowers and lawns have brought pleasure to the fort's inhabitants for over ninety years.

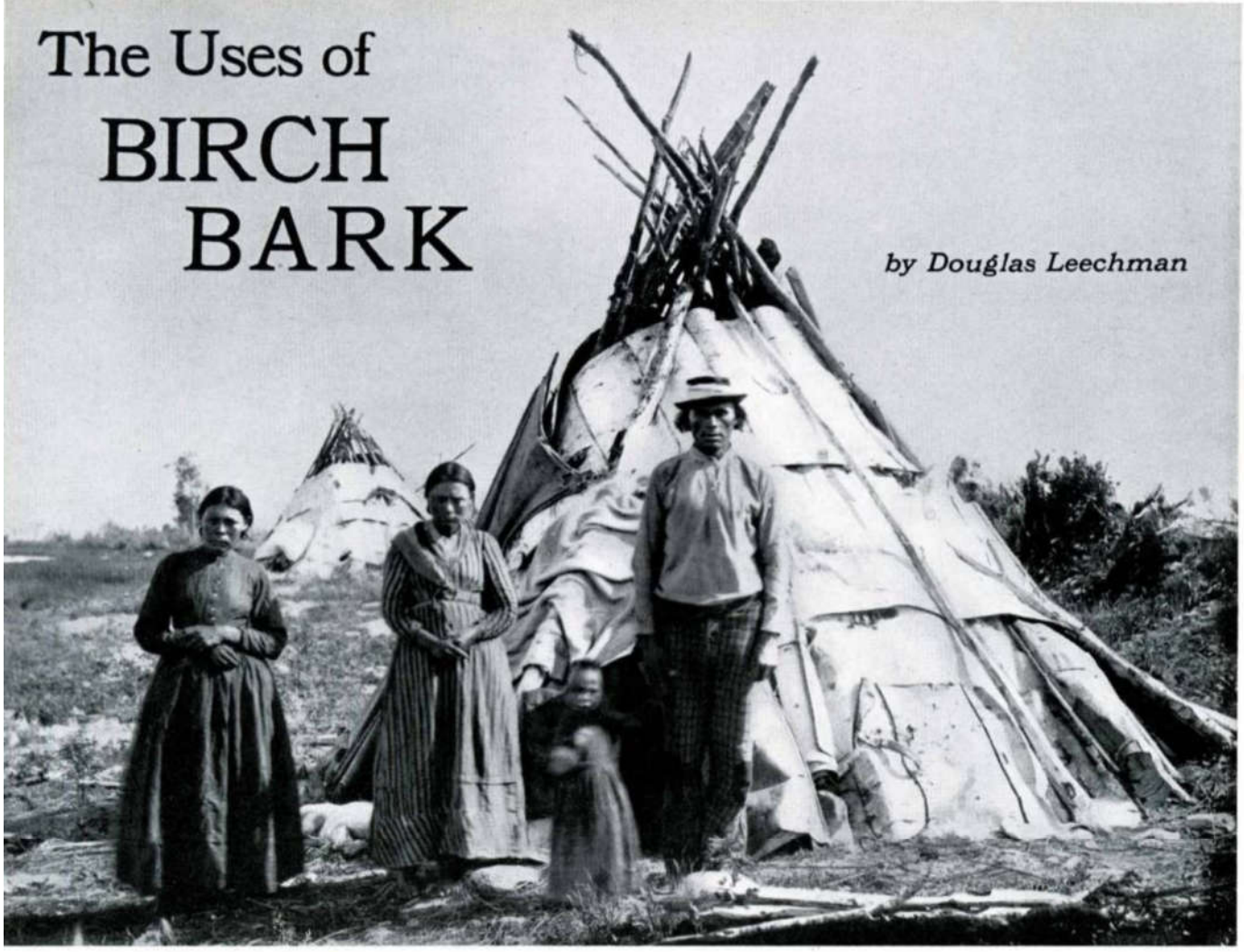
The factor's house from the west, in 1883. Beyond is the stone building seen on the opposite page.

This building was used as a storehouse and as men's quarters. From 1870-7 it was the penitentiary of the Province of Manitoba.
D. Coltman.

The 250th anniversary of the Company's incorporation was celebrated at the fort with a grand pageant, presided over by Governor Sir Robert Kindersley (now Lord Kindersley).

The Uses of BIRCH BARK

by Douglas Leechman



An Indian family outside their birch-bark wigwam, sixty years ago. *J. B. Tyrrell.*

HERE in Canada we are apt to think of the birch tree as essentially our own, a tree typical of the North. For many of us it would be difficult to imagine a woodland lake with no birch trees along its shores, or a hillside where the slender white trunks did not stand out pure and clean against the evergreens.

One or more kinds of birch will be found almost everywhere in the northern parts of the world, stretching over the land almost as far towards the pole as trees can grow. The Old Country knows it well, as do Norway and Sweden; it flourishes from Lapland to the far eastern tip of Siberia, and in Russia many a brave man rests today with a shining white birch tree for his only monument.

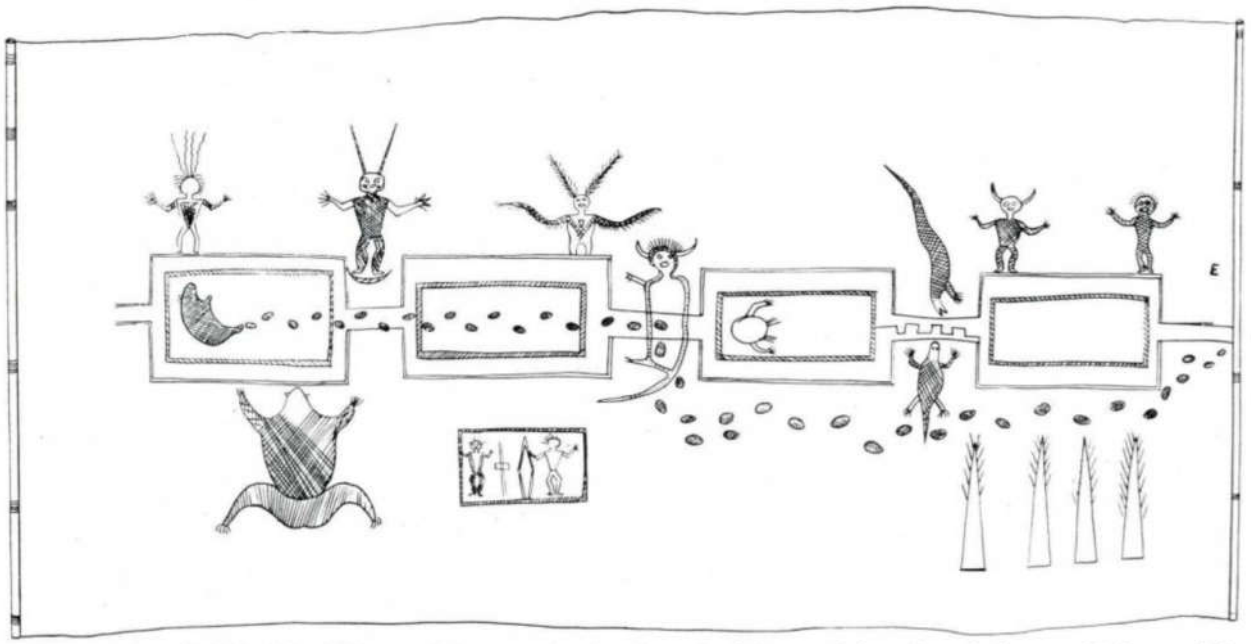
Wherever the birch tree grows, it is beloved by the people who, from the remotest time, have known its many virtues. To the Indian here in Canada it was of prime importance, for it entered conspicuously into his daily life. Not only was it of practical value to him, but he cherished it too in his mythology. The black triangular scars which are so conspicuous a feature on the trunk are, according to one Indian legend, young thunder-birds thrown there in a fit of rage by an evil spirit. The Indian medicine man of the Chippewas, too, made use of birch bark, drawing on it the record of his initiation into the eight lodges of the Midewewin and the strange spiritual guardians who kept the doors, and the chart of the mysterious journey he took.

Today, in the complexities of a civilization which forces us to rely more and more on synthetic compounds, plastics, and alloys, on all the magical devices of the scientist, we grow further and further away from the natural products of the fields and forests, the mines and the ocean. So it has happened that the birch, once the tree of a hundred uses, is comparatively neglected, and its interesting history remains unknown to most people. A few score years ago things were different indeed, and there was no part of the tree which was not used for many purposes. So valuable was it indeed that many acres of otherwise useless ground, swampy, stony, poor, were planted to birch coppices and brought very handsome returns.

There are thirty species of birch throughout the world, and nine of these are recognized as native to Canada. However, for our present purpose there is little to be gained by distinguishing between these species, for it is seldom that one kind is put to some special use that is denied the others.

Every part of the tree can be used: the outer bark, the inner bark, the wood, branches, twigs, leaves, roots, and even the sap. In fact, the very odour of the tree itself was noted by an old-time gardener who found it perceptible especially after rain or heavy dew. "Some of these trees," he said, "should always be planted near a house for the very purpose of filling the air with their fragrance."

The word birch, like the names of many other trees, is very old. It can be traced back to the Sanscrit, in which language *bhurja* is a bark which was used for writing on. There is in the Himalayas a kind of birch with a bark which splits into very thin delicate layers.



Drawing made on birch bark by Ojibwa medicine man, showing the path of the mystic bear through the sacred lodges, and the spiritual beings who guard them. *Copy by the author.*

This bark is shipped down to the Plains of India in enormous quantities, where it is used for many purposes; the name of this bark is *boorjee*, and it is clear enough that both *bhurja* and *boorjee* can easily be transformed into our word *birch*.

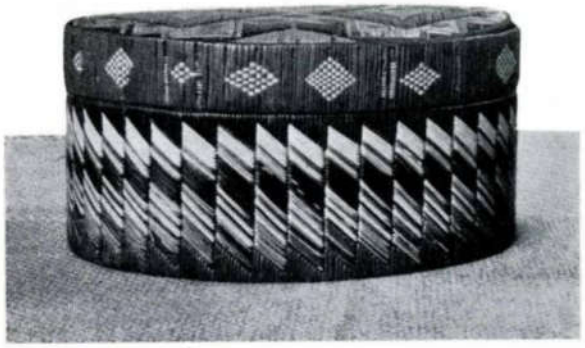
The outer bark is that part of the tree which most people will readily recognize as useful. It may be used in large sheets, or in smaller pieces cut and shaped for special purposes, and also as a source of the secondary materials which can be extracted from it. Its use for making birch-bark canoes is familiar to every school child, but few people seem to be aware that very similar craft were used in Scotland and the north of Europe some hundreds of years ago. They had long been forgotten in Europe when first the Europeans came to Canada, and the light, graceful Indian canoes filled the first comers with admiration.

Among the Algonquin peoples, not only canoes but also tents or wigwams are often covered with sheets of bark reinforced at each end with saplings to prevent splitting. When moving day comes, these sheets of bark are rolled up and carried along to the next camp, suitable new poles are cut and a shelter is soon erected.

The fact that birch bark is water proof is one of the chief reasons for its use. In Russia and the north of Europe in general it has long been employed as a roofing material, and has given great satisfaction. It is laid on the rafters in sheets and then covered with a fairly thick layer of sods which take root and grow luxuriantly on top of the house. It is customary to cultivate the little fields thus produced, and such things as crops of turnips and flocks of pasturing lambs have been reported in these unlikely situations.

The Laplanders put its waterproof qualities to use by making raincoats of birch bark. A notch is cut in one end of a large slab for the wearer's neck and it is then fitted to his back and sides. Umbrellas, too, are made from the thin papery bark of the species native to the Himalayas.

In Canada, as in Newfoundland, Indians have been found in their graves wrapped in sheets of birch bark;



Above: Birch-bark box decorated in a solid pattern of dyed porcupine quills. *Marius Barbeau.*

Below: A piece of bark stripped off the small birch seen lying on the ground. *National Museum.*

and in Moscow there are, or were, ancient royal mausoleums of great splendour which were lined throughout with the same material. Indeed, in many parts of Russia it takes the place of sheet lead and is used as a protective wrapping for posts which are to be sunk in the ground, for the coping of brick walls, and for the sills of buildings.

Smaller sheets are cut to shape and used for dozens of purposes. We are familiar, of course, with the great variety of boxes, baskets, trays, and fancy articles the Indians make from birch bark; less well known perhaps are its uses in India as wrapping paper, in many parts of the world for writing on, for wrapping round the "snakes" of the oriental hookah or hubble-bubble pipe, for cradles among the Indians of the Yukon and elsewhere, for the inner soles of boots (waterproof, of course), as a lining for hats in wet weather, for torches used in night fishing, as candles in the olden days in the Highlands, and, when reinforced, for snow-shovels.

The Laplanders made boots of birch bark, the lower part being shaped to the foot and the upper taken from a tree of appropriate size, a tube of bark forming the leg of the boot. A similar piece of bark makes a very good splint for a broken arm or leg; it should be cut of the right diameter, and long enough to immobilize the joints above and below the injury.

Shredded birch bark makes good tinder for fire-drill or flint and steel, as it catches a spark readily; its ability to burn even when wet is of great importance to the woodsman, for if he has birch bark and matches he can have a fire in any weather. Incidentally, a fungus which grows on the birch makes good tinder.

A curious and little known use of birch bark is in the making of artistic patterns and designs. A very thin sheet of birch bark is folded over two or three times and bitten firmly between the front teeth so as to leave sharp impressions in the soft bark; when it is unfolded the pattern thus formed is seen repeated four or eight times in a symmetrical design. It is a favourite evening entertainment among the Indians in some parts of eastern Canada; when held up to the light of the camp fire, the little sheets of bark reveal the designs bitten into them, designs which were often sources of inspiration in the decoration of baskets and other articles of native manufacture. Another use to which these Indians put birch bark was in the making of the moose call, an innocent little trumpet with which they lured the huge moose to his death.

Indian birch-bark box. The inner surface of the bark is outside. *G. Hinsdale.*

The woman is pouring sap from the birch tree out of her birch-bark cup, while the boy is drinking some out of his. *Henry Jones.*

Among the finest products of oriental craftsmanship are the bows which once were used in Turkey, Persia, India and the neighbouring countries. They are most intricately made of layers of sinew, wood (often birch) and horn. These layers were glued together and, protecting the glue from moisture, which would ruin the bow, was a thin wrapping of birch bark coiled about the bow for its whole length—though but a few would suspect its presence, for it was concealed beneath a decorative finish of lacquer and gilding.

Important among the substances which can be extracted from birch bark are an oil, used in the tanning of Russian leather and to which it owes its peculiar and pleasing fragrance; brown and yellow dyes; potash; a thick grease (the sediment left after skimming off the oil) used for greasing wheels; a number of home remedies for various aches and pains; and pyrobetulin, in the form of a vapour which was deposited in a thin film on glass, in which to trace the pattern the engraver was to follow; this same vapour was deposited on lint in making antiseptic dressings.

The inner bark differs considerably in quality and characteristics from the outer, and has its own peculiar uses. It is stringy, and seems to run up and down the length of the tree rather than across it, as does the

outer bark. It is strong and fibrous enough to be used in the making of coarse ropes and cordage which were employed to make harness for horses and reindeer. Finer strands were used for basketry and matting.

Stranger still is the fact that this inner bark is used as a food, for it contains a good deal of starch and, when it has been dried, can be ground to a flour, which is usually mixed with either wheat or rye flour before using. In Kamschatka when "mixed with the fat of the sea-wolf it is the principal food of the inhabitants of the sea coast in times of famine." At other times they mix the birch flour with caviar, and that sounds a bit more tasty.

A delectable food can be made from the inner bark in the spring. It is peeled from the tree and cut into long narrow strips like vermicelli. These are eaten fresh, or dried in the sun, and may be kept for some time. When desired, it may be stewed with meat, or eaten in any other way, much as the bark of coniferous trees is used by the Indians of the interior of British Columbia.

For most of us, these can be considered only as emergency foods, kept in the back of one's mind with a pious hope that it will never be necessary to use them. However, for men down North there is seldom a scrap of information which may not come in handy sometimes, and the inner bark of the tree might be worth tasting next spring. It's probably got lots of vitamins in it, if not much else.

This old woman at Hay River post is sewing the edges of her birch-bark rogan with spruce root. *T. Lloyd.*

Birch-bark tray decorated with dyed moose hair, probably Huron. *National Museum.*

Two Curious Fur-Trade Wills

I—Peter Fidler looks ahead 200 years

by W. S. Wallace

ON December 17, 1822, there died at Manitobah post in the Swan River district of the Hudson's Bay territories a famous figure in the history of the Canadian fur trade whose name was Peter Fidler.

"Queer old Peter Fidler," as Dr. George Bryce described him, was a native of Bolsover, in Derbyshire, England; and he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1788 at the age of eighteen as a "labourer." He had evidently received, however, a better education than most of the "labourers" in the Company's employ; and in 1790 he was chosen by Philip Turnor, the Company's "surveyor," as one of his two assistants. The other assistant of Philip Turnor was David Thompson, who was destined to become the map-maker of the North West Company, and (to quote the language of his biographer) "the greatest land surveyor the British race has produced."

After Philip Turnor returned to England in 1792, and after David Thompson went over to the North West Company in 1796, Peter Fidler became the sole "surveyor" or map-maker of the Hudson's Bay Company; and he so continued until the union of the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies in 1821. Just what were the respective contributions of David Thompson and Peter Fidler to the making of the map of western Canada, it would require a good deal of research to determine; but it is possible that the contribution of Peter Fidler was greater than has been hitherto realized. It is a significant fact that when the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies were united in 1821 Peter Fidler's maps were ordered to be sent to England, whereas David Thompson's great map remained in Canada.

As a fur trader, Peter Fidler was not perhaps an unqualified success. In competition with the Nor'-Westers, with their "ancient North-West spirit," he very often came off second best. Like most of the paid employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, he failed to show the aggressive spirit of the partners of the North West Company; and he preferred to remain on good terms with them. When he found himself at Cumberland House in 1807, with Daniel Harmon in charge of the adjoining post of the North West Company, he preserved the most cordial relations with his opponent; and, indeed, he and Harmon seem to have been good neighbours rather than deadly rivals.

At the same time, no one could ever have accused Peter Fidler of a lack of "intestinal fortitude." In Dr. J. B. Tyrrell's edition of the *Journals of Samuel Hearne and Philip Turnor* (Toronto: The Champlain Society, 1934), there has been printed Peter Fidler's journal of 1791-92, which describes a winter which he spent with the Indians. A few extracts will suffice to show the stuff of which Peter Fidler was made:

"1791. September 4th. In the afternoon I embarked with 4 Canoes of Jepewyans, in order to remain the whole winter with them. & acquire their language. . . . I got a few articles as supplies from Mr. Ross such as 6 Womens & 2 Mens Knives, 4 Awls, 2 Steels, ½ lb. of Common beads, 2 fathems of Brazile Tobacco, 1 Quart of Gunpowder, 50 Ball, & 4 lb. of Shott, 4 Flints, 1 small ax & some few other trifles. I took with me neither Leather nor stuff for Socks, which made me very badly off the greatest part of the Winter for those articles for Winter's rigging. . . We have no Tent with us. . . .

"September 6th. . . . I had no watch with me, consequently could make no Observations. . . . The Nautical Almanack & requisite Tables composed the whole of my Library—with 1 Shirt besides the clothes I had on my back composed the whole of my wardrobe. . . . I have a Boats compass with me card 3 Inches diameter. . . .

"October 22nd. . . . On the 10th Inst. I was under the necessity of cutting off both sleeves of my Leather Coat to make a pair of Shoes. . . .

"November 9th. . . . We are all very badly off for want of a Kettle. . . . I have neither Shoes, Stockings, Mittens, or Trousers, or anything to make them off. . . . He [an Indian] lent me his old Stockings & a Blanket I am obliged to rap round me like a petticoat. . . .

"December 14th. Finished making my Leather Trousers which is a very great acquisition to me—broke all my needles in making them, the leather being so stiff & hard & went to work in the Indian manner with an Awl & Sinnews before I completed them. . . .

"January 24th. . . . Thooh & myself slept in a hut of Pine branches. He now accomplished his long promise & I got from him a Deer Skin robe with the Hair on to make me a Coat, which I did very soon having frequently been near perishing from the Cold. . . .

"March 13th. Very bad yesterday & and day before, having a sore throat & a violent pain in my head. . . .

"March 14th. Got tolerable well thank God. To be ailing alone with the Indians is a melancholy situation. . . .

"April 10th. In the morning 3 young men accompanied me to our House where we arrived about 2 P.M. Being absent from all European intercourse & alone with the Jepewyans ever since the 4th September last have acquired a sufficiency of their Language to transact any business with them. Upon the whole this has been rather an agreeable winter than otherwise. The principal difficulty we laboured under was the want of a Kettle & being at some few times reduced to very short allowance in provisions, which last is ever the case with any person that may accompany Indians. . . . Here ends my remarks with the Jepewyans."

Whatever record leaps to light, the writer of this journal can never be shamed.

The year before Peter Fidler died, he executed a will which is one of the curiosities in the history of probate in Canada. The will, which is preserved in the records of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury at

Somerset House in London, has never been published; but a summary of it is to be found in Dr. George Bryce's *Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company*. In it he left his journals and maps to the Hudson's Bay Company, and his library of five hundred books and his surveying instruments to the governor of the Red River Colony; and, after making some provision for his Indian wife and his ten half-breed children, he made the following strange disposal of the residue of his estate:

"All my money in the funds and other personal property after the youngest child has attained twenty-one years, to be placed in the public funds, and the interest annually due to be added to the capital and continue so until August 16th, 1969 (I being born on that day two hundred years before), when the whole amount of the principal and interest so accumulated I will and desire to be then placed at the disposal of the next male child heir in direct descent from my son Peter Fidler."

"Lawyers," says Dr. Bryce, "have from time to time been appointed to seek out the residue, which, under the will, ought to be in process of accumulation until 1969, but no trace of it can be found in Hudson's Bay Company or Bank of England accounts, though diligent search has been made."

The records of the Hudson's Bay Company reveal the fact that Peter Fidler left at the time of his death, in addition to a small property in Bolsover, Derbyshire, the sum of £1575 invested in three per cent consols, and that the balance of his account with the Hudson's Bay Company was slightly more than £500. The administration of this estate, amounting to something more than £2,000, he left in the hands of three executors, the governor-in-chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, the governor of the Red River Colony, and the secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company; but these gentlemen renounced probate of the will, and in 1827 administration of the estate was granted to Thomas Fidler, the eldest of Peter Fidler's sons. In 1828 the moneys Peter Fidler had left in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company were divided equally among his ten children; and it would seem that the courts must have set aside the provision whereby the residue of his estate was to accumulate until 1969.

However this may be, the question remains: What was Peter Fidler's object in making this extraordinary bequest, whereby the residue of his estate was to accumulate until two hundred years after his birth?

Peter Fidler's education had been along mathematical lines; and it is probable that he had in mind the way in which even a small amount of capital will increase at compound interest over a period of approximately one hundred and fifty years. He may have argued that, if his estate had been divided at his death among his Indian wife and ten half-breed children, the amount each would receive would be a mere bagatelle, which would probably be dissipated in a short time; whereas, if the residue were allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would provide at least one of his descendants with a sort of treasure trove, with which he might do something worth while doing. A man who has been hampered all his life through lack of capital might wish that at least one of his descendants might have some capital to play with.

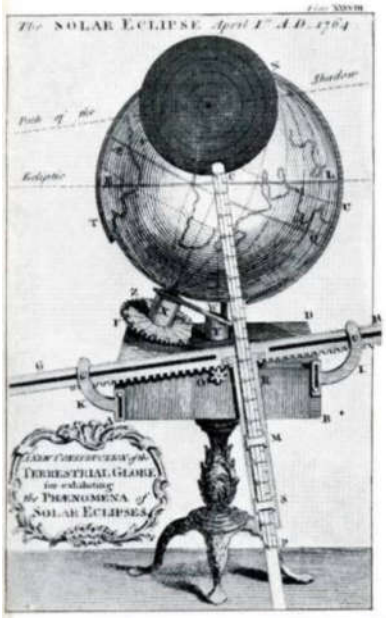
There is, however, another possibility. Peter Fidler's will was dated at Norway House on his fifty-first birthday, August 16, 1821. Five days before this date, on August 11, there appears in the journal of Nicholas Garry, the deputy governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was then at Norway House on his journey when arranging for the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies, the following entry:

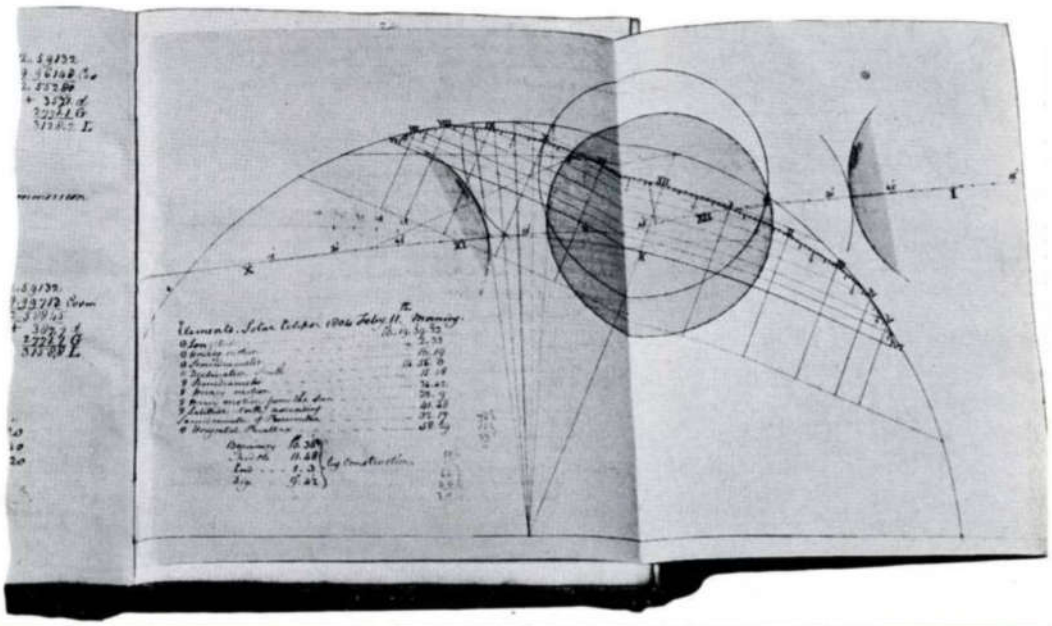
"Mr. Fidler's maps at York Factory should be sent to England. Assured him he should remain in the service. That he shall receive a retired share. To remain this winter at Norway House with Mr. Robertson."

It is clear, therefore, that Peter Fidler's will was drawn up immediately after he was told by the representative of the Governor and Committee—no matter how honeyed the phrases in which the decision was conveyed—that he was to be placed upon the shelf. Is it not possible that Peter Fidler, looking back upon a third of a century of distinguished service to the Hudson's Bay Company, and finding himself discarded like an old shoe, should have cast about for some means of providing for himself a posthumous fame, of keeping his name from falling into oblivion, and should have hit upon the expedient of making a will that might accomplish this result?

This is only a surmise; but it is a surmise not inconsistent with the facts.

Left: Plate from a book that Peter Fidler studied in England at the age of sixteen, entitled *The Young Gentleman and Lady's Philosophy*, 1759. Right: Fidler's own calculations in his notebook for the solar eclipse of February 11, 1804. These two books, like many others of the five hundred he left to the Red River Colony, are now in Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.





II—James Leith takes his revenge

by E. R. Bagley

JAMES Leith was born in Aberdeenshire in 1777. He entered the service of the X Y Company in 1798 and became one of its six wintering partners. He could not have entered the trade along a more difficult path; but he never seems to have been afraid of difficulties, for in 1801 he went to the Peace River along with Pierre de Rocheblave in an attempt to seize the trade of that district from the North West Company. At the time, the rivalry of Sir Alexander Mackenzie and "Le Marquis" Simon McTavish was at its height, and no man engaged in the trade of the interior could feel himself safe from sudden death.

Leith was still in the Peace River country when, on the death of Simon McTavish in 1804, the X Y Company and the North West Company joined forces. His name is affixed to the document affirming this union by his attorney. Leith continued his work in the fur trade as a wintering partner of the North West Company and after a short spell at Folle Avoine and three years at Michipicoten he was moved to Rainy Lake in 1810 and a year later to the Red River. Almost immediately he was moved back to Rainy Lake.

It is an interesting speculation as to why this move was made. The first Selkirk settlers arrived in the late summer of 1812 and, facing the prospect of a winter with scanty provisions, Miles Macdonell bought from the North West Company considerable quantities of potatoes, barley, oats and garden seeds with four cows, a bull, pigs and poultry, and afterwards expressed his gratitude to the North West Company for thus affording assistance to the hard pressed colonists. Judging from the attitude of the North West Company in the following years, it is hard to imagine that this was in accordance with the general will of the company, and it may have been the reason why the factor in charge was moved, almost at once, to Rainy Lake. Here Leith was to see in 1816 the second of the two parties of North West men under Frederick Damien Huerter, a non-commissioned officer of the De Meuron regiment, on their way to try to exterminate the Red River Colony.

From this point until the union of the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company little is heard of Leith. But in 1821 he was appointed chief factor of the Athabasca Department with Edward Smith, a chief factor, and five chief traders under him. He was placed in charge of Cumberland House and remained there until in 1829 he returned to England. He enjoyed nine years in England, having resigned all office in the Hudson's Bay Company in 1831, and died at Torquay in June 1838.

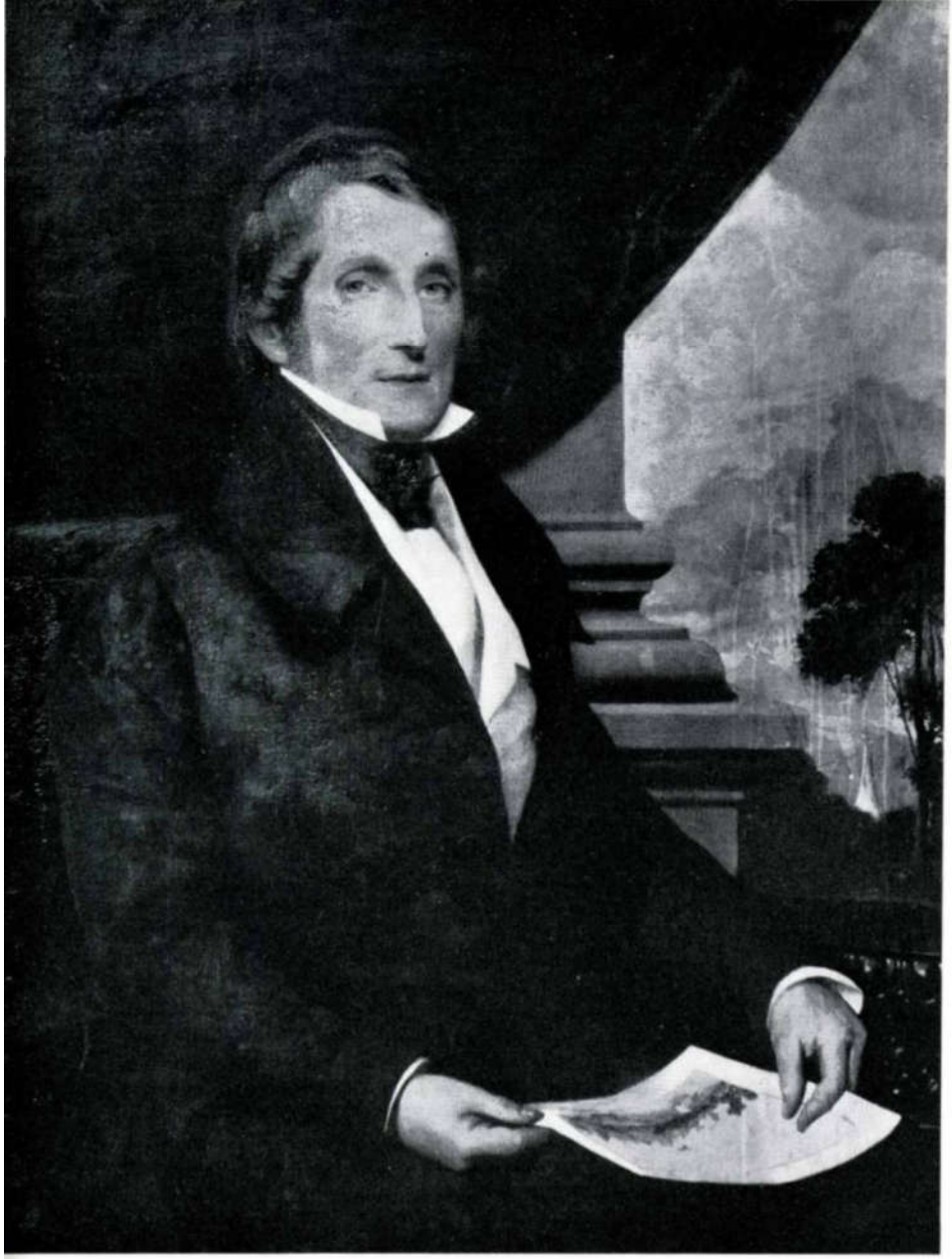
Such a career would not be worthy of note among the great protagonists of the period, were it not for his will. Here is a memorial which will perpetuate the name of Leith along with those of the leaders of his day, and which will ensure that his name, at least, will never be forgotten while there is an Anglican Church in Western Canada.

In 1843-4 Sir Henry Lefroy made a journey through the West which took him to The Pas, and in his report he made the following entry: "We reached on the afternoon of August 20th the newly founded Church of England missionary station, called 'The Pas,' then in charge of a young half-breed Cree catechist named Budd, who had been educated at the Church School at the Red River. This establishment owed its origin to an Indian Massacre a good many years previously, when the wife and family of a trader (James Leith) who then resided there, were, in his absence, all murdered. He took the noble revenge of leaving, at his death, all his fortune to found a mission among the Indians." This is not strictly true, for the will directed that a half part only of his lands and heritages and personal effects should be so employed. We are, however, grateful to Lefroy for the reason why Leith so disposed of a part of his wealth. It says much for Leith's character that he was capable of taking so enlightened a view of the murder of his family.

It so happened that the situation in the West made possible a most profitable use of the money thus left. There had been an ordained priest of the Church of England on the Red River from 1821 onwards. Lord Selkirk had made one effort to provide his Scottish settlers with spiritual ministrations before this time, but the "minister," James Sutherland, an elder authorized by the Church of Scotland to baptize and marry, had been carried away with most of the other colonists in 1816 by the North West Company, and no one else had been found before 1820 when Lord Selkirk was forced by ill health to go to Europe. John Pritchard (grandfather of Archbishop Matheson), in whose hands Selkirk left the duty of providing a minister, applied to the Church Missionary Society to appoint a chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company, and in October 1820 John West arrived at Fort Garry. David Jones came out to join West two years later and then in 1825 William Cochrane and his wife arrived at the Red River.

Under Archdeacon Cochrane, "minister, clerk, schoolmaster, arbitrator, peacemaker and agricultural director," the Church on the Red River was firmly founded and churches were established along the river spreading the teaching of Christianity farther afield. John West had travelled in his two years some six hundred miles north and west of Fort Garry, as the notes in his baptismal record book show, and those who followed him did not neglect to make journeys far into the interior. They always came back, however, to their centre at the Red River Settlement. It was here in 1833 that John McCallum arrived to found St. John's College, with the purpose of ensuring the efficient training of local men for the service of the Church. Expansion was even more rapid now and as more and more people were influenced by the Church the need for a bishop became imperative. Bishop Mountain visited the Red River in 1844 and carried out many confirmations, but such a strong community could not rely on the visitations of an eastern bishop. They needed a bishop of their own.

James Leith had left half of his personal wealth on trust that his brother, William Hay Leith and the Bishop of London, the Dean of Westminster and the Governor and Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company should convert the whole into money and use it "for establishing propagating and extending the Christian Protestant Religion in and amongst the native Aboriginal Indians in that part of America formerly called Rupert's Land." The trustees, in face of the situation outlined above, decided that the best



The Hudson's Bay chief factor whose generosity made possible the creation of the bishopric of Rupert's Land. James Leith, from the painting in Bishopscourt, Winnipeg. The picture he is holding in his hand represents a Hudson's Bay fort beside a river.

use to be made of the money was to establish a fund for a bishop in Rupert's Land. But there were difficulties in the way before this could be achieved.

The relatives of James Leith protested the will vigorously and finally the matter had to be decided before the Master of the Rolls. The Master of the Rolls, after enquiring into the situation in Rupert's Land, and especially the spiritual needs of this territory, when he learned that it had already been proposed to found a bishopric so soon as a suitable endowment in perpetuity could be secured, decided that the money should be used to this end provided that a grant of £300 per year should be added to the interest on Leith's money by the Hudson's Bay Company. Such a grant had already been offered by the Hudson's Bay Company towards a bishopric. So the matter was decided. It was clearly understood from the beginning that the granting of the money from Leith's will towards the establishment of the bishopric was only made provided the Hudson's Bay Company promised to make up the money to an amount sufficient to support so important an office. Since that day the stipend of the Bishop of Rupert's Land, now also Archbishop of the province, has been paid out of the income from the Leith Trust Fund, which amounts to £11,978, 8, 8d. and has been augmented by the grant of £300 made yearly by the Hudson's Bay Company.

That the trustees used the money to the best possible advantage cannot be questioned. The Red River was the very centre of all missionary work among the Indians. If that failed all smaller missions must disappear, for they were dependent upon the Mother Church. It was a policy of wisdom thus to ensure that the Church on the Red River should be made permanently strong. The leadership provided by Leith and the generosity of the Hudson's Bay Company has led to work among the Indians and other peoples of the West far beyond anything Leith could have imagined. St. John's Cathedral, which has always stood where it now stands on lot 3, the plot set aside by Lord Selkirk for the earlier settlers' church, has become the centre of work extending north into the Arctic and west to the Rockies, and from the college attached to the cathedral men have gone forth constantly to serve the cause that was so near to the heart of James Leith.

PAGAN ESKIMOS

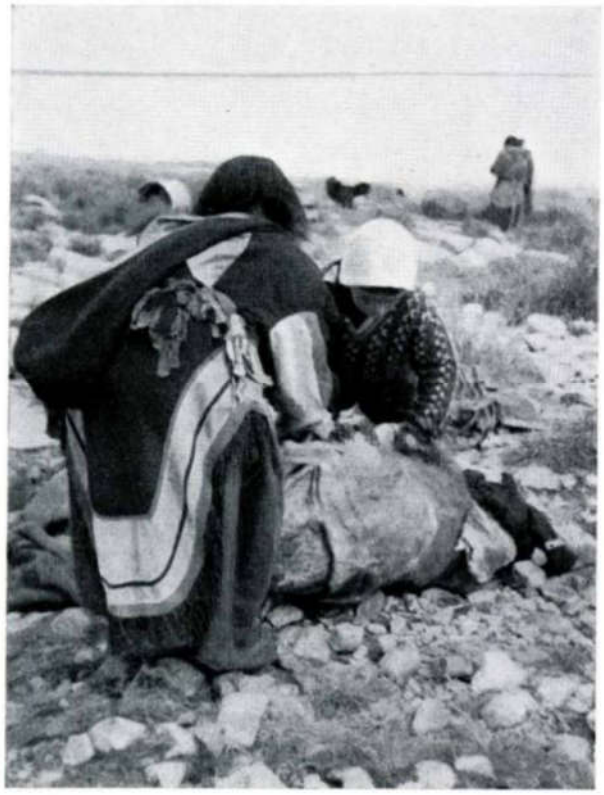
by George Anderson

Photos by D. B. Marsh

MEDICINE men, witch doctors, ju-ju: every primitive race appears to have some form of Aesculapian priesthood. Their activities, however, are not confined to healing. They also take it upon themselves to explain the mysteries of life from the cradle to the grave and beyond, and in many cases formulate rules of conduct to cover every contingency.

As might be expected, the Eskimos have their own particular form of this ancient cult. Their priests and priestesses (though that is rather a grand title for them) are called *Angakook* and, in their own way, they are quite important individuals. This importance varies from tribe to tribe and, so far, I have found it greatest amongst the Padlirmuit and Ash-i-armuit people who occupy the country north of the tree line on the west side of Hudson Bay. These conjurors can always be distinguished by a special belt worn around the waist over the outer clothing, to which strips of cloth, braid and the like are tied. New pieces of cloth are attached when the Angakook visits other camps and, usually, one can judge by the size of the belt how influential any particular medicine man is considered.

A Padlirmuit *angakook* or conjurer, wearing her charm belt, to which are attached amulets and bits of skin and cloth.



Unlike his counterpart of tropical lands, the Angakook interferes little in dealings between white men and natives.

Of course one occasionally encounters difficulties when it comes to treating sickness, but only rarely does one require to take stern measures to prevent the local oracles from interfering with cases which are beyond their powers. I can recall several such cases, and one will serve to illustrate my meaning.

Going out of the house one day, I heard quite a commotion and saw a number of natives running to a small point about a mile away. Closer inspection revealed a canoe upside down in the sea; so, naturally, I hastened to the spot myself. When I arrived, I found that the canoe had contained two boys who had been tending their fish net. One of the boys had managed to reach shore, but the other was still in the water. I managed to fish him out and found him apparently dead. Immediately there were loud lamentations and two Angakook commenced their ministrations. It was obvious that they knew nothing of resuscitation, so I pushed them aside with the intention of starting artificial respiration.

They were distinctly displeased and tried to restrain me, saying nothing could be done as the boy was dead. But I told them that if they and all the natives would keep out of my way I might be able to do something. They acquiesced, but with bad grace. Fortunately, after over an hour of artificial respiration, I was able to bring the lad round, much to the discomfiture of the conjurors, who had been keeping up a running fire of commentary on the side lines.

In the realm of prophylactic and curative medicine, the Eskimo is extremely crude. He believes that all sickness, be it merely an ache or a pain, is caused by evil spirits. Consequently, amulets play a big part in his treatment of the ills to which the flesh is subject. These charms usually take the form of ermine or lemming skins, or parts of apparel from someone who has recovered from sickness. They are attached to the clothes of the ailing person near the afflicted portion of his anatomy. No harm can be done, and it is quite possible that faith effects some cures. For longevity, hair from some very old person is prized by those desiring it. Again, in the case of pregnancy, if a male child is wanted, all that is required to bring it about is to refrain from visiting your barber and manicurist until the baby arrives. I cannot vouch for the effectiveness of this, but it is an old Eskimo custom.

I suppose everyone who has been in contact with primitive races has, sooner or later, come up against some kind of taboo. The Eskimos are particularly taboo ridden. These bans run the gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous, with the latter—at least in civilized eyes—appearing to predominate. These taboos seem to come under two headings: permanent and transient.

The best example of the former is the ban on sewing caribou skins during the summer, which is universal practice amongst the pagan Padlirmuit and Ash-i-armuit people. In Padlirmuit country it is almost impossible to get deerskin sewn before the natives have moved into winter quarters and after they move into tents in the spring. The reason given is that the spirits forbid it. This particular taboo is carried to absurd lengths at times. I remember at Nonala (which is situated on the sea coast) I employed an old man and his family for cleaning fur. When winter set in and there was sufficient snow for igloo building, he was wont to

This baby died when it was a month old because of the taboos placed upon the mother's diet.

move his camp to a ridge less than a mile from the seashore. He would not return to the shore again until spring, at which time they moved into a skin tent. The ridiculous situation would then be apparent; for, if any repairs were necessary to the tent, the women had to go back to the ridge (just over half a mile away) in order to make them without incurring the wrath of the spirits.

Sometimes one runs across personal taboos, and many of them are instigated from purely selfish motives. One case I recall was between a husband and wife. The wife happened to be an Angakook and, incidentally, was afflicted with laziness. It is the custom with Eskimos for the women to attend to all the camp chores, including fetching fuel. This particular woman had her spirits (it should be explained here that each Angakook is credited with having several spirits at his or her command) very conveniently tell her that in future she was forbidden to gather fuel. I am not certain if the husband was more afraid of the spirits or his wife; but, anyway, he had to attend to fuel fatigue.

These are two examples of permanent bans. Two very good illustrations of transient taboos are met with in the case of pregnant women and nursing mothers, and they have distinct merit in our eyes. The first prohibits use of saccharine, which is greatly prized for sweetening tea, particularly by the Ash-i-armuits, and the second forbids smoking. These two taboos remain in force until the baby is weaned. Before leaving this subject, it is interesting to note that, like most primitive hunting people, the Eskimos very rigorously observe the taboo which excludes women from eating with men during feast of the chase.

Often one hears of the peculiar powers with which the Angakook are endowed. Many are the supernatural tricks credited to them, but I am sure that a second rate vaudeville conjuror would have little difficulty in surpassing them.

The question of what we would call "second sight" is another matter, though. In many cases merely casual examination can detect fraud, but, I am forced to admit, at other times the gift appears to be genuine. To illustrate both classes, I will tell of an actual experience of mine which happened during the summer and fall of 1928.

At the beginning of August of that year, I was instructed by L. A. Learmonth, who was then manager of Chesterfield section, to proceed to Padley from Eskimo Point with four or five canoe-loads of supplies. My advices were that as soon as possible the new staff for Padley would relieve me there. I would then return to Eskimo Point to serve under W. J. Peters, with whom I had spent the previous winter at Padley and who was appointed to Eskimo Point post for the coming season. I would stress that all this was contained in an official letter covering the matter. In due course I arrived at Padley and, after attending to the issue of fall advances to our hunters, awaited the arrival of the new staff.

Mid-September came and still no sign, and I began to become impatient, as it meant waiting until after freeze-up if they did not soon put in an appearance. October came and my supply of provisions was running low. The ice was making in the lakes, so I told my post servant that as soon as the lakes would bear we would go by dog-sled to our cache of goods on Maguse Lake, some thirty miles from the post. Next day this

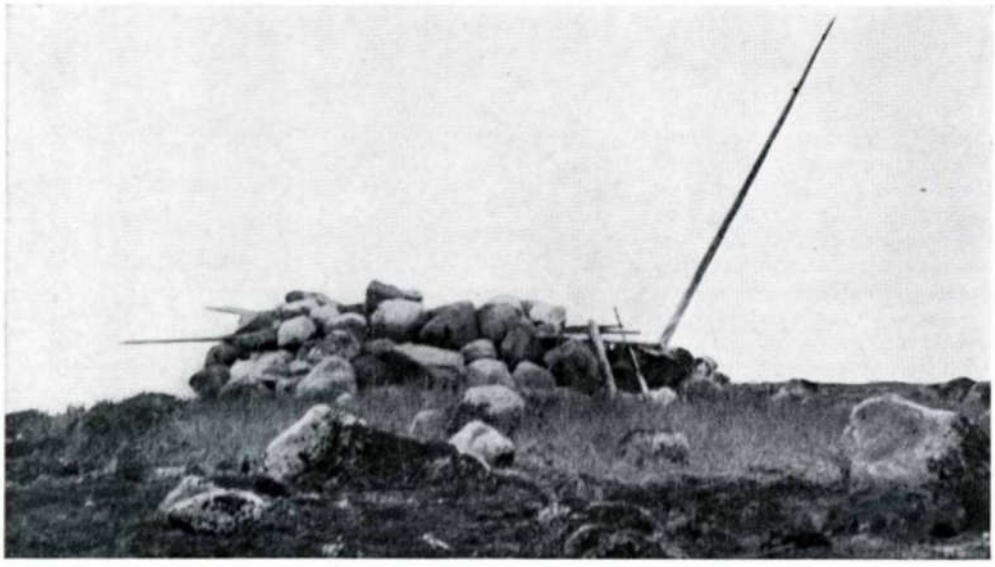
The weasel skins attached to this hunter's *artiggi* are supposed to give him strength and cunning.

man's wife, who was an Angakook, came into the house and asked me if I would like her to find out from her spirits what lay ahead. We make it a point never to ridicule the beliefs of primitive people, so told her to go ahead. She went into a trance, attended by much moaning and groaning. On regaining her senses, she told me that in ten sleeps I would leave for Maguse Lake and, on my arrival there, would find Mr. Peters and also the news that I was to remain at Padley for another winter.

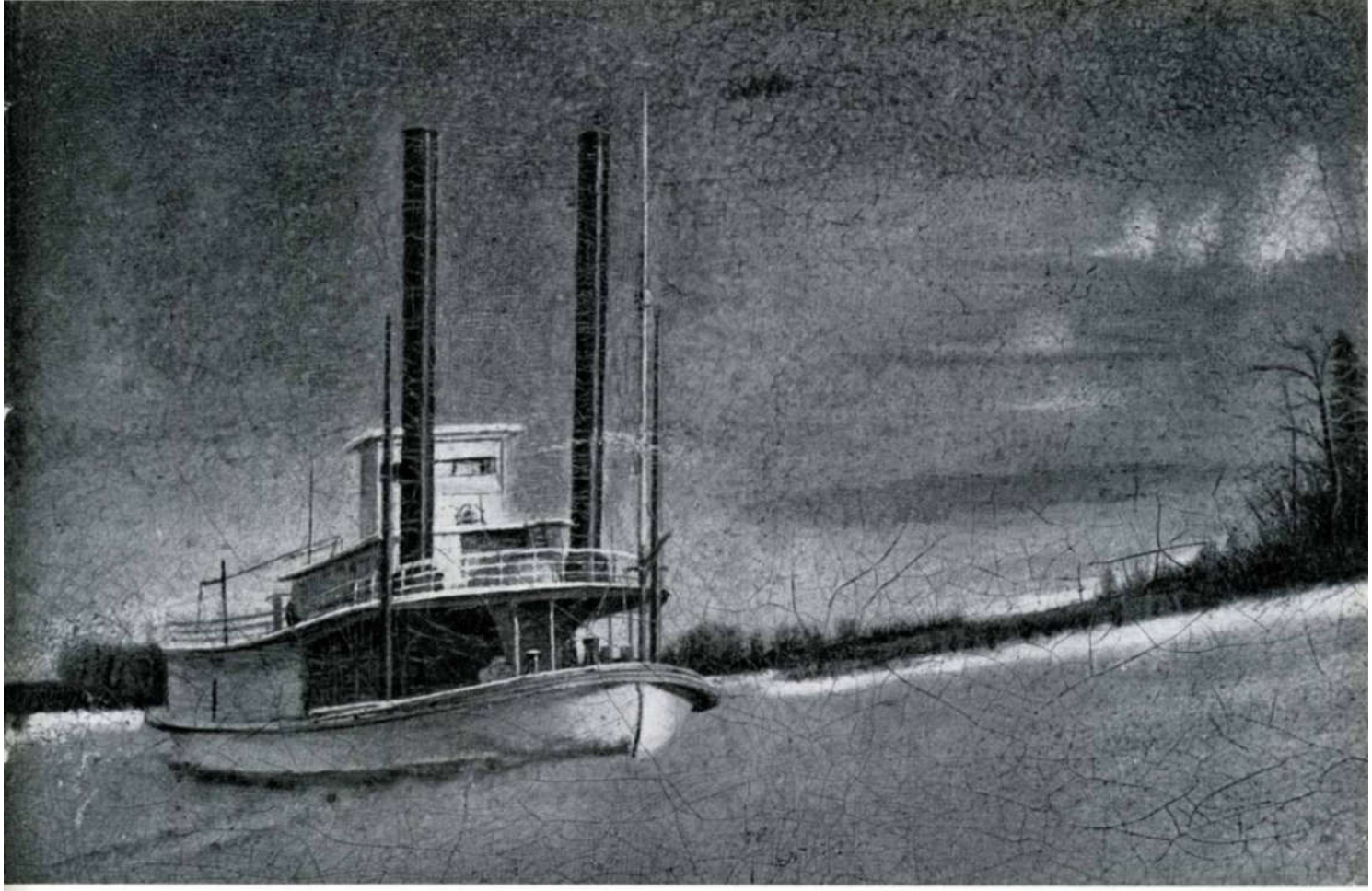
Very little reflection was required to see that she would have no difficulty in having the first part of her prophecy fulfilled, because her husband owned the dogs and sled which I intended using. All she had to do was delay our departure until the appointed time. The second part seemed absurd in view of my written instructions, and I told her I was sure that her spirits were in error, and explained why. She refused to be impressed and stated, very simply, that what had been written in the summer had been changed. And in due course I arrived at Maguse and found—yes, Mr. Peters! Incidentally, I was booked for Padley for the winter. I tried for a long time to find a rational solution to account for her accurate prophecy, but could not find one. This happened before the days of radio communication in the north. Also, to my certain knowledge, there were no natives in the country between Padley and Maguse Lake. That precludes the possibility that she had obtained news directly or indirectly about Mr. Peters' party. My mind is still open on the subject, and I leave those who read to draw their own conclusions regarding the incident.

In conclusion, a few examples of certain observances may be of interest. When a hunter returns to camp with a seal, it is the custom for the other men to lay hands on the fore part of the animal. This is supposed to please the spirits of the hunt and bring good luck to future expeditions. For the same reason the Eskimos do not eat the heart, liver or kidneys of an animal for fear that they will offend the spirits and incur their anger. Likewise, they slit the tongue of an animal killed in the chase in order that its spirit may be unable to tell who was responsible for its death. It will be observed that these illustrations are all connected with hunting. That is not strange when we reflect that the lives of these people are linked very closely with the success or failure of the hunt; so it is not to be wondered at that they enlist every means at their disposal in making it a success. Finally, there is the the universal practice of the Caribou Eskimos of placing implements, utensils, tobacco, food and clothing on the graves of their dead in order that the spirits of the departed may be able to live comfortably in the spirit world.

This man ripped the fringe off the bottom of his *artiĝĝi* when he reached the coast from the interior. It was done to avoid offending either the god of the land or the goddess of the sea.



The direction in which the stick points from the head of this Padlirmuit grave indicates the age and sex of the deceased. Grave goods are also piled at the head of the grave.



The *Northcote* frozen in on the Saskatchewan. From a painting done prior to 1878 and recently acquired from Mrs. Charles Mayo. The unknown artist used house paints applied with a dog's hair brush on floor oilcloth. This may be the only picture of the historic Rebellion steamer in existence.

Old Saskatchewan Steamboats

by A. J. Dalrymple

AS the twilight of an autumn evening casts lengthening shadows of pine and tamarack across the Saskatchewan River shores at The Pas, the wayfarer pauses by the sagging wharf to gaze upon the wrecks of rafts and barges and tugs. Their whitened ribs and mud-encrusted timbers are but a reminder of the golden era of steamboating on the prairies.

It seems quiet and restful here, in this segment of the graveyard of old ships; but soon the ear distinguishes noises above the gurgling of the river.

There are whoops and yells from the dank interior of one of the old stern-wheelers; and half a dozen youngsters armed with toy pistols and wooden swords leap out and dash up the slippery bank. They are playing soldiers and "injuns."

From the Swampy Cree reserve across the river comes the dismal wail of a husky. It is taken up by another, and yet another. The eerie cry is passed from camp to camp. Then the town dogs join in the chorus, yelping defiance across the water.

The howling ceases as suddenly as it started; and silence reigns in the Northland.

The night air becomes chill. The children call a truce and scamper home. But in their play is an echo of yesteryear, for some of these old hulks were once troop transports that knew the sting of shot and bursting shell during the campaign of 1885.

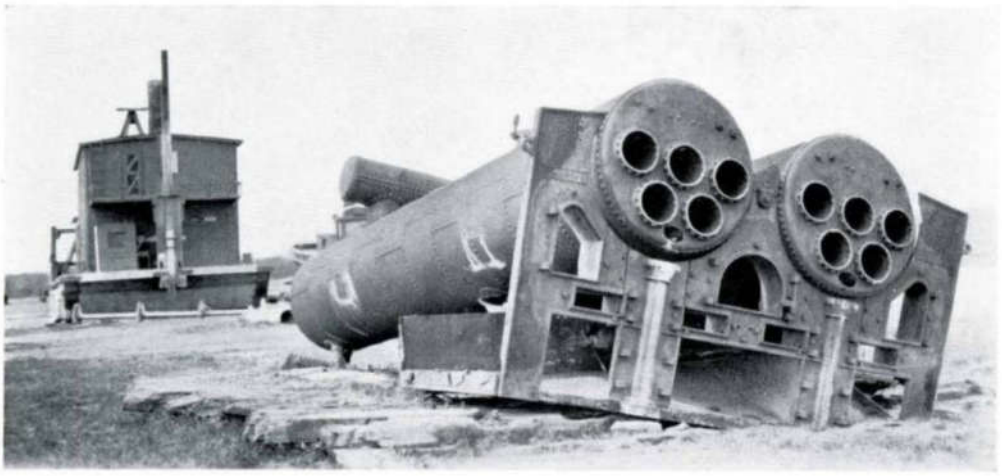
One of the first stern-wheelers to carry freight to the trading posts of the Grand Rapids country was the *Commissioner*. The vessel was one hundred feet in length, and was in the Hudson's Bay service as early as 1872.

Then there was the *Lilly*, a ship of unusual interest to students of transportation of the old West. A. N. Mouat, retired officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, states that she was made of steel by Yarrows Limited, in London, and brought to Canada in sections, including the engines and upper works. The vessel was put together above Grand Rapids on the Saskatchewan.

Another contemporary recalls that the *Lilly* was lined with oak. Her career, however, was short. Six years after she was launched in 1877, she sank in the Saskatchewan River below Medicine Hat.

The building of the S.S. *Northcote* by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1873 was hailed with pride by river men. The *Northcote* was one hundred and sixty feet in length, and was considered the most pretentious vessel of her day. She enjoyed a hectic but brief career.

Her most memorable voyage was from Saskatchewan Landing, near Swift Current, to Hudson's Bay Crossing, near Prince Albert, during the rebellion of 1885. The steamer carried troops and supplies for the columns of General Fred Middleton, commander of the Canadian forces, who was marching against the stronghold of Louis Riel at Batoche, forty miles south of Prince Albert.



The *Northcote*'s boilers at Cumberland House. Just in front of the dredge is the shaft of the stern wheel.

Mr. Mouat, who served with the 90th Rifles during the rebellion, recalls that on May 9 the *Northcote* worked downstream toward Batoche. She was scheduled to be abreast of that point at 9 a.m., as General Middleton wished her to create a diversion, and if possible break the cable of the Batoche ferry which was strung across the river. Upon completion of her task, the *Northcote* had instructions to steam back, but, if such a movement was found to be impossible, she was to continue downstream to Hudson's Bay Crossing.

The *Northcote* ran right into the enemy camp. Riel's forces, on both sides of the river, opened fire on the vessel. Then the vessel hit the ferry wire, which carried away the two smokestacks and the whistle.

Soldiers aboard the ship returned the enemy fire. Three were wounded. The ship continued downstream, and anchored about two miles below Batoche.

There a single smokestack was erected, made from the best parts of the two damaged ones, the whistle was repaired, and the pilot house was made bullet proof—all these repairs being carried out under fire from the banks. It was then decided to run down to Hudson's Bay Crossing for wood and supplies, leave the barges there, and return to Batoche.

On reaching the Crossing, she met the *Marquis*, another Company ship. This vessel was probably the largest steamer on the Saskatchewan in those days, the hull being two hundred and two feet long. She was moved into the Northland from Winnipeg by the Winnipeg and Western Transportation Company, a subsidiary of the H B C. When the *Northcote* got into difficulties at Batoche, the *Marquis* was at Prince Albert. She had a small detachment of Mounted Police under Inspector White Fraser on board, and was ordered to sail for Batoche.

After the *Northcote* joined her, the two steamers started together for Riel's stronghold. Soon after they got under way, the steering gear of the *Marquis* was damaged, and the *Northcote* took her in tow. They arrived at Batoche about 8 p.m. on May 12, just too late to take part in its capture.

Next day, the *Northcote* steamed for Saskatoon with the wounded and the bodies of the dead. She continued

This picture of the *Marquis* and that of the *Northwest* were taken by Otto Klotz in 1884. Courtesy Thos. H. Dutton.

The *Northwest* takes aboard a load of firewood.

to ply the northern waters during the summer and next season.

Other vessels to make names for themselves during the uprising were the *Alberta* and *Baroness* of the Galt Coal and Navigation Company. Mr. Mouat gives the following information concerning them:

"Leaving Medicine Hat on May 5, with one empty barge in tow, the *Baroness* arrived at Saskatchewan Landing, followed the next day by the *Alberta*, also with one empty barge. The *Minnow* (also owned by the Galt Company) had arrived at the Landing from Medicine Hat on April 27. On May 8, the *Baroness* and *Alberta* loaded with supplies and, carrying some troops, left the Landing for Clarke's Crossing. They arrived at that point on May 14 and 17, respectively.

"The *Minnow*, with the exception of towing one barge and carrying parcels and mail to Clarke's Crossing, rendered little service, being under an 'incapable' captain. After Batoche, the *Baroness* and *Alberta*, with the *Northwest* and *Marquis*, carried troops and supplies from Prince Albert to Battleford, Fort Pitt and other points.

"Later on, the *Alberta* left Fort Pitt for Battleford and Prince Albert, thence proceeding to Saskatoon. It having been decided to move the wounded by river and down Lake Winnipeg, the *Alberta* left Saskatoon on July 4 with three barges, one fitted up as a hospital. They reached the Forks the following day, and waited until the 8th, when General Middleton with his troops from Fort Pitt arrived on the *Northwest*, *Marquis* and *Baroness*. Arriving at Grand Rapids on July 12, the wounded were taken over the tramway and placed aboard the *Princess*. The troops were transferred to barges, and all arrived safely in Winnipeg on July 15."

The *Northwest*, mentioned above, was probably the fastest and most powerful vessel of her day on the Saskatchewan. She was built, either at Fargo or Grand Forks, by and for Peter McArthur of Winnipeg, her machinery being formerly used on a Mississippi stern-wheeler. McArthur operated her for a while on the Assiniboine, then sold her to the W. & W.T. Company, which took her up to Grand Rapids, and so to the Saskatchewan.

Her maiden voyage on the great river was made in 1874, with a cargo of lumber for the N.W.M.P. barracks at Fort Saskatchewan, near Edmonton. For many years thereafter she operated between Edmonton and Grand Rapids, and later between Edmonton and Prince Albert.

These three historic ships of the Hudson's Bay Company have long since gone to their graves. The *Marquis* was beached at Prince Albert in 1886. The *Northcote* was abandoned the same year at Cumberland House, where her boilers are still to be seen. The *Northwest* was wrecked near Edmonton, some forty years ago, when she broke from her moorings in a spring flood and was wrecked against the piers of the new low level bridge. All that remains of her now lies near the city power house.

The *Marquis* as she appeared in the winter of 1898-9 at Prince Albert. *A. N. Mouat.*

SUMMER PACKET

Outfit No. 1

This summer, all bales and boxes going to the Company posts from the Fur Trade depots bear the number 274—that is, the 274th outfit of trade goods sent out since the incorporation of the Company in 1670. Actually, however, the first outfit despatched by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay left London just 275 years ago—on June 2nd, 1668—aboard the *Nonsuch*. The difference was that, at the time, the Company hadn't been given its Royal Charter.

(And while we're being pedantic about it, we might as well point out that it wasn't actually June 2nd because the Julian calendar was still being used in England at that time. By the present calendar, it was June 12th—just as the date of the Company's incorporation was really May 12th. Julius Caesar, you'll remember, had been slightly out in his leap-year calculations.)

The present outfit, then, would be No. 276—if the annual voyages had been made regularly. But it so happens that no ships were sent out to Hudson Bay in 1671, -3, and -5; 1695, 1700, -3, -4, -7, and -9. So that makes the present outfit No. 267. All of which is highly confusing, and perhaps we shouldn't have mentioned it.

Polar Bear Liver

Is polar bear liver poisonous? Captain George Miksch Sutton, author of *Eskimo Year*, and former professor of ornithology at Cornell, wants to assemble all the information he can about that question. If you know anything about it, don't let his address discourage you from writing to him. It's "Headquarters, Army Air Forces Proving Ground Command, Arctic Section, Arctic Desert and Tropic Information Center, 315 Northrop Auditorium, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn."

Captain Sutton, in a letter, opines: "I believe it quite possible that a terrific struggle just before death might cause certain fluids, such as bile, to pour into the liver and thus make it poisonous. I am no authority on physiology, but I know that chemical changes may take place rapidly in parts of the body, and it seems to me quite possible that a calm polar bear, shot at a distance without any struggle, might have a perfectly edible liver; whereas a polar bear killed at the end of a fierce struggle would have a poisonous liver."

He also points out that at some seasons, polar bears are fond of mushrooms, and that at least one Arctic mushroom, *Russula emetica*, is inedible for human beings. But perhaps bears eat it. The fact remains that sometimes people are poisoned by eating polar bear liver, and sometimes they can eat it without any repercussions.

Any complaints—or comments?

Independent John

Here is a foot note to the Simpson presentation described on page 49. Chief Trader John Tod is writing to Edward Ermatinger on September first, 1842:

"Yet behold how inconsistent men are—this very Doctor [John McLoughlin] only the year before gives 50£ as a contribution for plate to the same Sir George Simpson whom he is now endeavouring to prove the greatest scoundrel in the H. Bay Coys territories, from facts too, with which he was previously well acquainted. I wish I had kept as clear of the Puget Sound business, as I did that of the Silver Plate voted to his Excy."

Certainly, the officer who declined to comply with such an outright demand as that contained in the circular must have had considerable courage—and probably lived to regret his refusal.

For Humanity

Anyone who thinks that northern people consider themselves detached from wartime obligations has got another think coming. Every time there is an appeal for funds, either donations or loans, the men and women of the North—white and native—contribute generously. Since the last issue of *The Beaver*, there have been two such appeals: the Red Cross in March, and the Fourth Victory Loan in May; and each time the whole of the North has been canvassed by radio from Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Eskimo hunters near Cambridge Bay contributed white fox skins worth three hundred dollars to the Red Cross. Harold Udgarden, interpreter at Great Whale River, gave a silver fox, which was raffled off at Moose Factory for $42.50. A few Indians at Bearskin Lake sent in $46. And Fort Chimo, Fort McKenzie, and Payne Bay together sent in a donation from Indians, Eskimos, and whites amounting to $1,830.

The story was repeated when collections were made for the Victory Loan. Twelve Eskimos at Reid Island brought in Arctic fox skins and purchased $1,500 worth of Bonds. Cambridge Bay sent in another $1,500. And other posts wired in returns to swell the total that, at the present time, amounts to $24,000.

Amateur Doctors

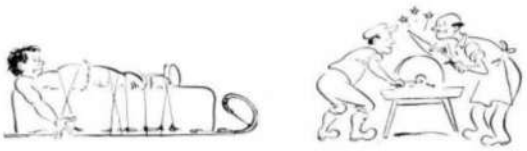
Considerable interest has been shown by many readers in the article, "Amateur Doctor," which appeared in last September's *Beaver*. It seems to have created the impression—quite unintentionally—that such incidents are unusual. But the facts are quite otherwise. P. J. Soper's report was published—without his knowledge—because it described in readable form a characteristic feature of fur-trade life. But similar incidents occur all over the North that few people outside the Fur Trade ever hear about.

Separated as they are by hundreds of miles from any doctor, it is unavoidable that Hudson's Bay men will be called upon from time to time to administer medicine, perform the simpler surgical operations, and even assist at childbirth. Mr. Soper's predecessor, C. N. Stephen, was telling us only the other day—

quite casually—how he sewed up one of his customers whose throat had been deeply gashed during a marital altercation. And he mentioned in passing that he had also had to deal with epidemics of colds similar to that described by Mr. Soper.

Last winter, the Monty Demments had to fight an epidemic of meningitis at Cape Dorset. Fifty Eskimos went down with it, and twenty died. At another post, the manager had an attempted suicide case on his hands, and after sewing up the slashed wrists, was obliged to keep day and night watch over the miscreant until the police arrived. At Port Harrison, a few years ago, a girl was bitten by a sled dog, and wounded severely in the abdomen. A. B. Fraser, the post manager, had to replace the protuding intestine and sew up the patient, who soon recovered. At Deer Lake, Ontario, the manager indulged in some highly unorthodox medical practice—but it worked. A native had cut his leg badly with an axe. No dressings were available, so the fur trader softened up some niggerhead tobacco in hot water and bound it over the wound. After a week or so, it was practically healed. At Padley, an Eskimo girl's dress caught fire, and she was badly burned. She was wearing deerskin pants, with the hair inside, and the hairs became matted in the wound. George Anderson, the manager (author of "Pagan Eskimos" in this issue), had to pick out the hair with forceps before he could dress it, and it was three days before the task was completed. But the girl lived.

These are a few cases that have come to our notice, most of which happened in the east. But similar emergencies have to be dealt with by H B C men from coast to coast. Whenever they occur, the clerk of the post naturally gives the manager every assistance—just as Hayward Mercer, clerk at Fort McKenzie, did during the epidemic at that post.



Contributors

Mrs. M. H. T. Alexander is a Scotswoman living in Vancouver who contributes historical articles to several magazines. She is especially interested in old Scottish music. . . . George Anderson, recently H B C manager at Eskimo Point, has spent fifteen years on the western coast of Hudson Bay. This summer he goes to Pangnirtung. . . . Rev. E. R. Bagley is chaplain of St. John's College School in Winnipeg. . . . Tris Coffin is a student at St. Patrick's College, Ottawa. . . . A. J. Dalrymple was recently transferred from the editorship of the magazine section of the *Winnipeg Tribune* to the *Vancouver Daily Province*. . . . Douglas Leechman is on the staff of the division of anthropology at the National Museum, Ottawa. . . . Dr. Trevor Lloyd is on the staff of the Department of Geography at Dartmouth College. He spent last summer with the Mackenzie River Transport. . . . Dr. A. R. M. Lower, professor of history at United College, University of Manitoba, is president of the Canadian Historical Association. . . . W. S. Wallace is librarian of the University of Toronto Library, and secretary of the Champlain Society.

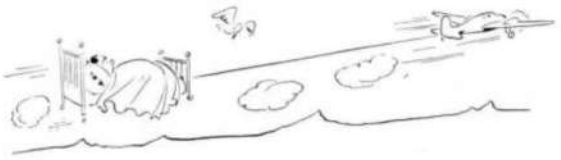
Mercy Flight

Cape Wolstenholme, at the northeast corner of Hudson Bay, is a long way from Sudbury, Ontario—about 1150 miles in an air line. But Jimmy Bell, of Nickel Belt Airways, made the trip there and back, alone, to pick up a man suffering from a stomach ache.

The man was a half-breed Eskimo interpreter, Job Winters by name, who for half of his six months' service with the Hudson's Bay Company had been complaining of abdominal pains. As it was feared he might be an appendicitis case, Leonard Budgell, post manager at Wolstenholme, radioed Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, and the Company at once telephoned Sudbury to charter a plane for the long flight.

On Friday, March 19, Jimmy Bell set out from Sudbury and flew to Great Whale River post on the east shore of Hudson Bay. After spending the night there, he flew on to Port Harrison. On Sunday he arrived at Wolstenholme, where the sick man was put on board and the return trip begun. Darkness forced them down at Port Harrison, but on Monday Bell flew for nine hours, covering about nine hundred miles, and that night set his plane down on the Sudbury runway.

His patient was at once rushed to the hospital, where he is still recovering—but not from an appendectomy. Jimmy Bell and others would probably feel much happier about the whole thing if he were. . . .



Victoria's Centenary

Celebrations to mark Victoria's hundredth year began with a service of thanksgiving in Christ Church Cathedral on March 7. The following Sunday, March 14—the day on which James Douglas anchored at Clover Point—a motor cavalcade wound through the city streets, visiting six historic spots where plaques were unveiled. One, marking the mooring rings off Wharf Street, where the Company ships from London tied up beside the fort, was unveiled by Francis Ross, grandson of Chief Trader Charles Ross, who was in charge of the fort at the very beginning. Another plaque was unveiled by Miss Josephine Crease, daughter of the first attorney-general, on the wall of Helmcken House, built in 1852 by one of Douglas's sons-in-law.

On March 15, just one hundred years after Douglas went ashore to decide on the site for the fort, the Sir James and Lady Douglas Chapter of the I.O.D.E. held a centenary banquet at the Empress Hotel. The focal point of this luncheon was the presentation, by Premier John Hart, of an oil painting of Sir James to the city of Victoria. At the same time, the premier announced the gift of $10,000 by the province to the city's Centennial Celebration Fund. B. A. McKelvie, president of the B. C. Historical Association, the chief speaker, asked that the memory of Chief Trader Ross should be specially honoured this year.

On March 19, the city entertained at luncheon all the pioneers of Victoria who had been resident there before December 31, 1871. Mrs. W. Fitzherbert Bullen,

granddaughter of Sir James Douglas, voiced the thanks of the oldtimers.

During this first week the CBC put on a special program of broadcasts to mark the occasion, and all Victoria and Vancouver newspapers issued special centenary supplements.

On May 28, a grand costume ball was held at the Empress, featured by a grand march in which were displayed the fashions of the past century.

In accordance with Mr. McKelvie's suggestion, a granite tablet in memory of Chief Trader Ross is being prepared, and will be installed at a ceremony marking his grave to be held, on the anniversary of his death, in the old Pioneer Square cemetery adjoining the cathedral. A similar ceremony will be held in August to commemorate the death of Sir James Douglas, at his grave in Ross Bay cemetery.

Mrs. M. R. Cree, of the Archives staff, has prepared a brochure which will serve as a souvenir of the centennial year, profusely illustrated by pictures from the Archives, as well as by pictures of the beautiful city of to-day. It will be published by the I.O.D.E.

London Letter

January 4th to April 2nd

The long continued lull in air raids on the City of London was interrupted during the night of January 17 last, when eight incendiary bombs were dropped on Beaver House. Although an adjoining warehouse was completely gutted by fire, the Company's fire guard successfully dealt with the incendiaries, the only damage caused being on the top floor, where three cases of rabbit skins were affected by fire.

Captain J. B. Dangerfield, of the Winnipeg Wholesale Department, and Captain J. Runcie, M.C., of the Fur Trade Department at Winnipeg, together with twenty-one members of the London staff, were presented with long service awards by the Governor at a meeting of the Board held on February 10. The Governor congratulated Captain Runcie on his recent escape from an enemy prison camp and on the award of the Military Cross for distinguished and gallant service at Dieppe. Captain Runcie, on February 16, was called to Buckingham Palace to receive his decoration.

Lt.-Col. Michael R. Lubbock, Royal Corps of Signals, has been awarded the M.B.E. for gallant and distinguished services in the Middle East from May to October, 1942.

Major Maurice Wonnall (one of our peace-time fur experts), who is now second in command of his battalion of the Royal West Kent Regiment serving in the Libyan desert, writes that, for the excellent Christmas dinner they enjoyed, the only whisky they could get turned out to be a case of Hudson's Bay "Best Procurable."

Mr. Elwyn Ingrams, manager of our London Fur Department, now a pilot officer in the R.A.F., has been admitted to hospital suffering from cerebral thrombosis. However, he is expected to make a complete recovery, although this will entail a complete rest for several months.

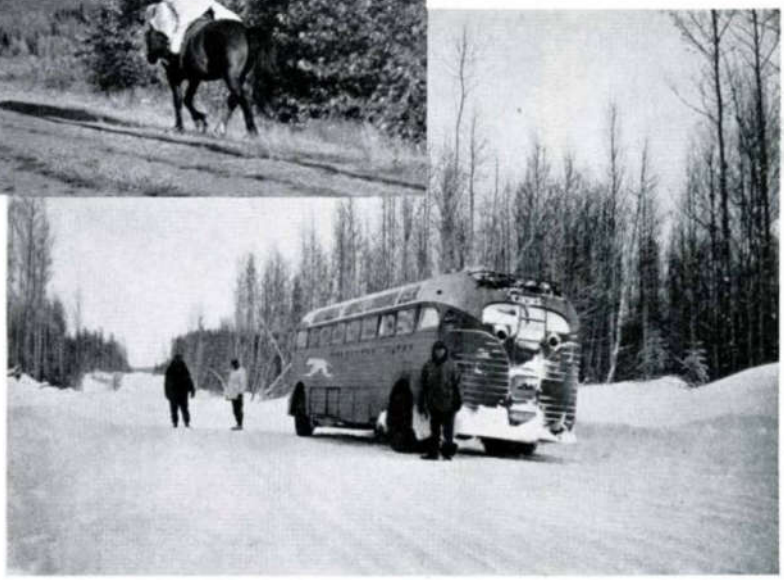
We welcomed to Beaver House recently the following members of the Canadian staff serving with the Canadian Forces on this side: Second Lieut. F. N. Balls, R.C.A., from Winnipeg; Private Eva Waymark, C.W.A.C., from Victoria; Sgt. Pilot M. A. Tisdale, R.C.A.F., from Vancouver; Capt. S. B. Laing, C.F.A., from Winnipeg; Sub-Lieut. G. B. McLeod, R.C.N.-V.R., from Baie Comeau; Flying Officer H. M. Park, R.C.A.F., from James Bay.

Lieut. D. B. Cameron, from Vancouver, was recently the guest of the Governor and Mrs. Ashley Cooper at Hexton Manor.

The Governor presents a silver medal, for fifteen years' service with the Hudson's Bay Company, to Captain Jock Runcie of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada, recent occupant of a German prison camp, and winner of the Military Cross for gallantry at Dieppe. Other recipients of long service awards and their periods of service are as follows: L. to R., back row: J. Chadwick Brooks, secretary of the Company, 20; G. W. Taylor, F. J. Leamon, J. Jarvis, and E. A. Waters, 15; F. J. E. Witteridge, 25; A. F. Taylor, D. L. Godding, and C. H. Folke, 15; C. Langwith, G. R. Springall, R. C. Geddes, and R. C. Marshal, 20. Front row: Miss M. Day, 15; Miss M. E. R. Warren, 20; Miss D. F. Darby, 15; Miss L. E. Cowlin, 20; Capt. J. B. Dangerfield of the Winnipeg Wholesale, now with the Royal Winnipeg Rifles, 20; Governor P. Ashley Cooper; Capt. Runcie, Fur Trade Department, 15; D. P. Campbell, 20; W. M. Thomson, 15; W. H. Wilson, fur warehouse, 30; H. Parry, 15. *City Studio.*

Greenland natives on board the *Nascopie* wearing their polar bearskin kogli. *Lorene Squire*

Here and There



Two methods of transportation near Lower Post on the Liard River. *Above:* A pack-horse train arriving at the post. *Right:* The first Greyhound bus to run between Dawson Creek and Whitehorse over the Alaska Highway. *J. M. S. MacLeod and J. Milne.*

Now it can be told. The President's son, Elliott, at Pangnirtung post, two years ago. *Mrs. James Thom.*

Some canoe! This full-sized replica of an old-time, six-fathom, birch-bark canoe was made at Manowan Post in Quebec. Incidentally, it's for sale.

Polar bear cubs, collected by Chesley Russell at Southampton Island, in their new home at the Quebec zoo.

PRESENTATION to the Governor

The piece of plate presented to George Simpson by his commissioned officers. Courtesy of V. L. Gladman, grandson of Geo. Gladman, Jr. (below) and great-grandson of Geo. Gladman, Sr., appointed Chief Factor at Eastmain in 1805.

ALTHOUGH George Simpson had been acting as governor of the Southern Department, as well as the Northern, since 1826, it was not until thirteen years later that the Governor and Committee formally appointed him Governor-in-Chief of the whole of Rupert's Land. The occasion of this appointment was handsomely marked by his commissioned officers in their own way:

"Norway House, 24th June, 1839.

"To The Chief Factors and Chief Traders
of the Honble. H. Bay Compy.

"Gentlemen,

"The unexampled prosperity of the British Fur Trade during a period of nearly twenty years under the direction of Governor Simpson, to whose masterly arrangements that prosperity is mainly owing, has called forth the admiration of every person interested in its affairs, while that Gentleman's active habits of business, conciliating disposition and address have been productive of the happiest effects in diffusing a spirit of enterprise and harmonious co-operation throughout the wilds of British North America unequalled perhaps in any other part of the world.

"These considerations forcibly present themselves at this particular time, when entering on a remodelled constitution under the most flattering auspices and embarking in new and important branches of business, chiefly brought into view through the unremitting exertions of that Gentleman which renders the present a fitting opportunity for marking our sense of his management in such a manner as we trust may not be disagreeable to him, while we feel assured it will be most gratifying to every member of the Fur Trade.

"We therefore, the Commissioned Gentlemen now assembled at Norway House, forming ourselves into a Committee of management, beg to propose that each Chief Factor subscribe £50.-.-. and each Chief Trader £25.-.-. in order to create a fund for the purchase of a service or piece of Plate, to be presented to Governor Simpson as a small token of our respect and regard, with a vote of thanks for his valuable and important services to the Fur Trade, which will shed lustre on his government while that Trade exists.

"We cannot doubt that you will cheerfully coincide with us on the present occasion by marking your approbation of the measure now proposed, and having appointed Donald Ross Esquire to act as Secretary to the Committee of management, we have to beg you will be pleased to address that Gentleman on the Subject at your earliest convenience.

"We are, Gentlemen,
Your Obedt. Humble Servants,
"Signed.

John Charles, Chief Factor		Don: Ross Chief Trader	
John McLoughlin, C.F.		Wm. Todd	Do.
Alexr. Christie	Do.	J. Hargrave	Do."
John Lee Lewes	Do.		

The money thus raised from twenty chief factors and twenty-three chief traders amounted to £1275, and, according to the inscription on the candelabra that was presented to him, part of it was set aside for the purchase of "a residence to be named Beaver Lodge." Possibly it had been decided to build another house for the Governor at Lachine. We only know that he continued to live until his death in the house he had occupied there since 1826.

Chief Factors

John Geore M.ᵉ Tavish — Allan M.ᵉ Donell
George Keith — P. W. Dease
J. D. Cameron — John Lee Lewes
John Charles — Roderick M.ᵉ Kenzie
John M.ᵉ Loughlin — Duncan Finlayson
James Keith — P. S. Ogden
Joseph Beioley — Samuel Black
Alex.ʳ Christie — Angus Cameron
William Connolly — Donald Roß
John Rowand — James Douglas

This Piece of Plate
together with a residence to be named Beaver Lodge
IS RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED TO
Sir George Simpson
BY THE CHIEF FACTORS AND CHIEF TRADERS
of the Hon.ble Hudson's Bay Company
as a Token of their sincere regard and of
their high estimation of his zeal Judgment & urbanity
during a Twenty Years Superintendance
of the Company's affairs in North America.
1840.

Chief Traders

Thomas M.ᶜ Murray — William Todd
John M.ᶜ Leod Sen.ʳ — James Hargrave
Alex.ʳ Fisher — Nicol Finlayson
Cuthbert Cumming — John M.ᶜ Leod Jun.ʳ
John Stemght — Murdoch M.ᶜ Pherson
Robert Miles — Richard Hardisty
Colen Campbell — Thomas Fraser
Archibald M.ᶜ Donald — George Gladman
John E. Harriott — Richard Grant
Robert Cowie — Donald Manson
John Work — William Nourse

Thomas Simpson

Manufactured by Mess.ʳˢ Simpson & Starkey, 29 Hatton Garden London
Height of Figures 8 inches of the whole 25 inches

BOOK REVIEWS

THE RED RIVER VALLEY, 1811-49, a Regional Study. By John Perry Pritchett. New Haven, Yale University Press; Toronto, Ryerson Press, 1942. Pages xvi, 295.

MR. Pritchett has written an arresting, almost a moving, account of Lord Selkirk's struggle with the Nor'-Westers. From his pages there emerges the picture of a genuinely heroic soul, a man of deep determination and unselfish instincts, full of likeable qualities and equally of human fallibility. The partners of the North West Company, on the other hand, stand revealed as a set of unscrupulous and able rascals, devoid of morals, patriotism and good faith. Men who have held a certain place in history, such as Edward Ellice, even Sir Alexander Mackenzie up to a point, come under this judgment. The first settlers and the Hudson's Bay men proper come out as mediocrities, the métis are irresponsible and cruel. The only classes of people whose merits are conspicuous are the Canadian engagés (to be carefully distinguished from the métis) and the local Indians. These latter appear in the best light of all—scrupulously avoiding taking sides in the white man's quarrels, obliging, even kind, to the settlers, often their salvation in times of hunger.

Canada is not usually thought of as having had "wild west" days of the kind with which the United States was so familiar. But if the North West Company days were not "wild west," what were they? Of law and order, save that based on the private strength of the company, there was none. When it was crossed by Selkirk, it at once resorted to violence and for a few years disgraceful scenes occurred. Not only in the west: the impenetrable fog of lawsuits that as a result of the struggle filled the courts of Upper and Lower Canada showed pretty clearly that frontier conditions of a rather ugly kind characterized those colonies too. Their courts were the king's courts and were supposed to administer British justice, but there was little of the spirit of British justice in the proceedings against Selkirk.

Mr. Pritchett calls his book a regional study of the Red River. This it is not: it is a study of Lord Selkirk's work of colonization in the Red River, a much more limited subject. Only a few chapters deal with other aspects of the Red River scene and with other years than the colourful decade 1811-21, and none of them add much to our knowledge. The thesis enunciated in the last chapter that *The Red River Valley* illustrates the pull of three great river systems—Nelson, St. Lawrence and Mississippi—for the domination of the interior of the continent is interesting and fits into the general metropolis-hinterland concept. But the book is not worked out along those lines, though it provides some good illustrative material for their further development.

In particular, in a study having to do with the relations of Canada and the United States, why is so little made of the important boundary settlement of 1818, whereby the upper (and richer) end of the valley was exchanged by the British government for the sage brush and cactus of the Upper Missouri? The Nor'-Westers not only had the courts of Lower Canada in their pocket; Henry Goulburn, Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Colonies, and even Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary himself, were also much under their influence. Is it possible that their false description of the prairies as barren wastes, designed to keep their fur trade intact, led to the easy striking of the line of 49 degrees as the international boundary? Did they sell their country out in the Red River as one of their prominent men, McLoughlin, afterwards came close to selling it out in Oregon?

The boundary of 1818 illustrates how ineffective both the fur trade and Selkirk's little colony were in countering high political decision. Neither one had much to do with the ultimate political fate of the west. If the American frontier had approached more quickly, or if the Americans had desired to act, no doubt they could have secured the west. As it was, it lay there unoccupied and unused until the expanding Canadian state, far to the east, retracing the footsteps of the old fur traders, drew it within its boundaries.—*A. R. M. Lower.*

THE INDIAN SPEAKS, by Marius Barbeau; illustrated by Grace Melvin. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho; Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, 1943. 117 pages.

THE presentation of the folk-tales and legends of the North American Indians to the general public in a readily readable form is no light task. Many authors have attempted it and not all of them have been successful, the reason being, of course, that the thought processes of the native, while not necessarily complex, are totally different from those of the white man.

In *The Indian Speaks*, however, the author has been more successful than other writers. One suspects that Marius Barbeau, whilst adhering no doubt to the main themes, has rearranged the native texts, breathing into them something of his own love for, and his sympathy with, the Indian. He has delved into the soul of the red man, bringing to light a breadth of imagination and a sense of poetry altogether unsuspected by those of us who see the Indian as he "may appear before us today with pick and shovel or, perhaps too often, in rags and tatters." He reproaches us for our neglect of the Indian, which will result in his eventual disappearance from the Canadian scene.

These stories are drawn from across the breadth of Canada, and tribes of the eastern woodlands, the prairies, the British Columbian coast, and even the Eskimos, are represented.

Marius Barbeau is already well known to *Beaver* readers. Grace Melvin, is head of the department of design at the Vancouver School of Art. Her pictures are supposedly inspired by the primitive art of the Indians of British Columbia, and are not particularly attractive. Some readers may be startled by her representation of the Blessed Virgin complete with cherubic features, wings and a boyish bob.—*J. A. Burgesse.*

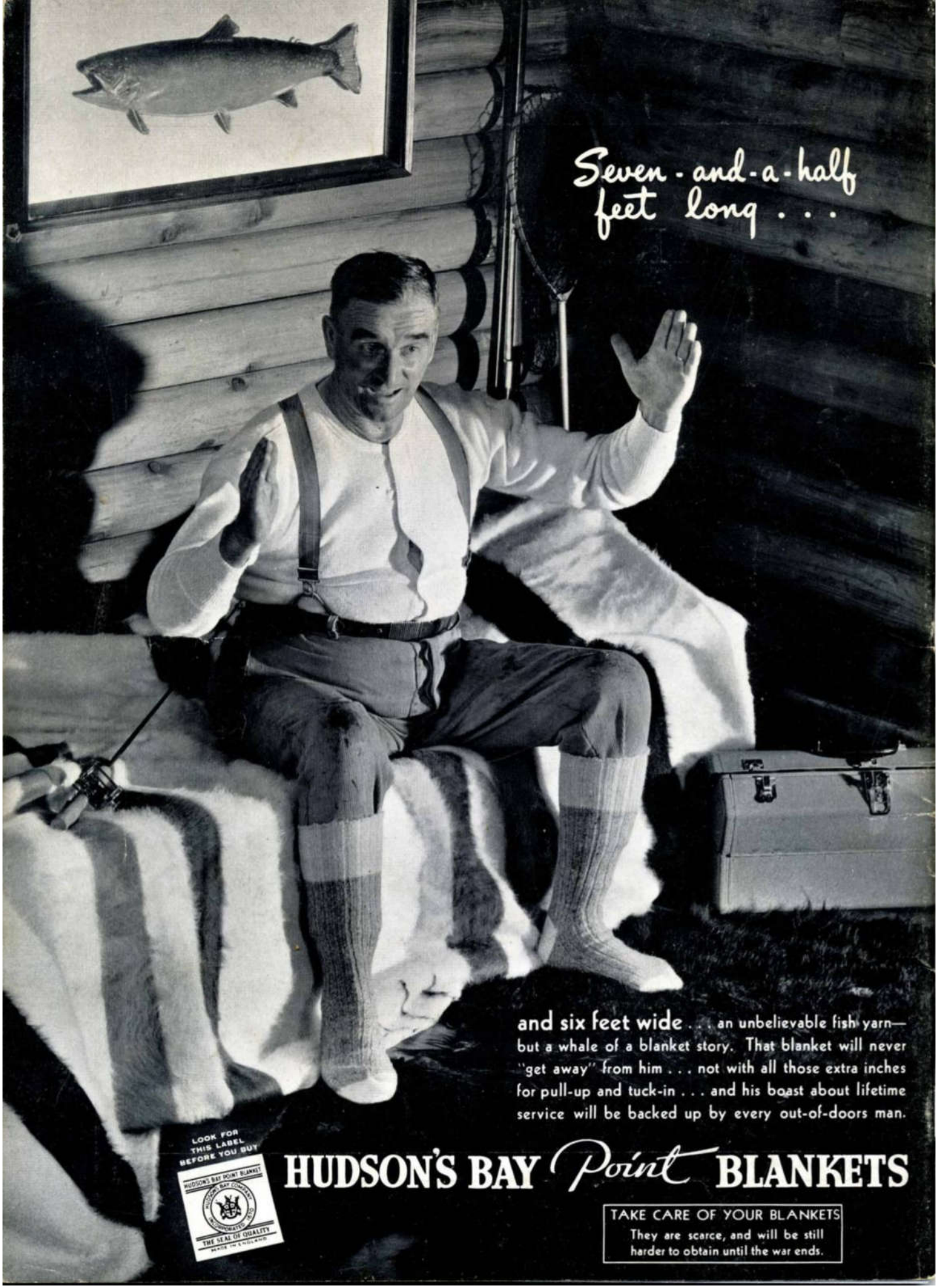
The Beaver is printed for the Hudson's Bay Company by Saults & Pollard Limited, Winnipeg, Canada, and the engravings are made by Brigdens of Winnipeg Limited

ARCTIC DRAMA

From James Bell's Journal of Arctic Bay Post, February 1943

EARLY in the morning of the 10th, Amoagoalik walked into the post with his face and fingers badly frozen, and it appears possible that he will lose the tips of more than one of his fingers. Amoagoalik and his son Oolayoo had been hunting and trapping during the past week between Cape Crawford and Cape York, when on Saturday night their igloo was raided by a bear, who paid no attention to the dogs, and drove them out. Undoubtedly the bear was starving and was intent on getting at the seals which were in the igloo. As they had to leave the igloo in haste, they were only lightly clad. Amoagoalik intended to return to the igloo after daylight, but his son prevailed over his better judgment and convinced his father that the right thing to do was to make the journey to the post on foot. This was a serious undertaking, dressed as they were, to walk approximately seventy miles, with a temperature ranging between 40° and 50° below zero, and on the Sunday a recorded wind at the post of twenty-five miles an hour. In the open, where they were, the wind must have been still stronger.

On the Monday forenoon, Oolayoo began to fail and by midafternoon he was unable to go any further. His father carried him for three hours. They then sought shelter in an old igloo, when it was found that Oolayoo's feet, hands and stomach were badly frozen. The father tried to impart heat to his son's body by keeping his hands and feet next his own skin, but with no avail, and the boy died early Tuesday morning. The father then buried his son in the snow and continued to the post. If Amoagoalik did not have excellent stamina neither of them would have remained to tell the sorry tale. Amoagoalik's dogs followed him home, but all his other equipment was left behind, so we will have to send out a team to retrieve it.



and six feet wide . . . an unbelievable fish yarn—but a whale of a blanket story. That blanket will never "get away" from him . . . not with all those extra inches for pull-up and tuck-in . . . and his boast about lifetime service will be backed up by every out-of-doors man.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL BEFORE YOU BUY

HUDSON'S BAY *Point* BLANKETS

TAKE CARE OF YOUR BLANKETS
They are scarce, and will be still harder to obtain until the war ends.